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AFTER THE DIAMOND MEDAL!

SEE PAGE 7.

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
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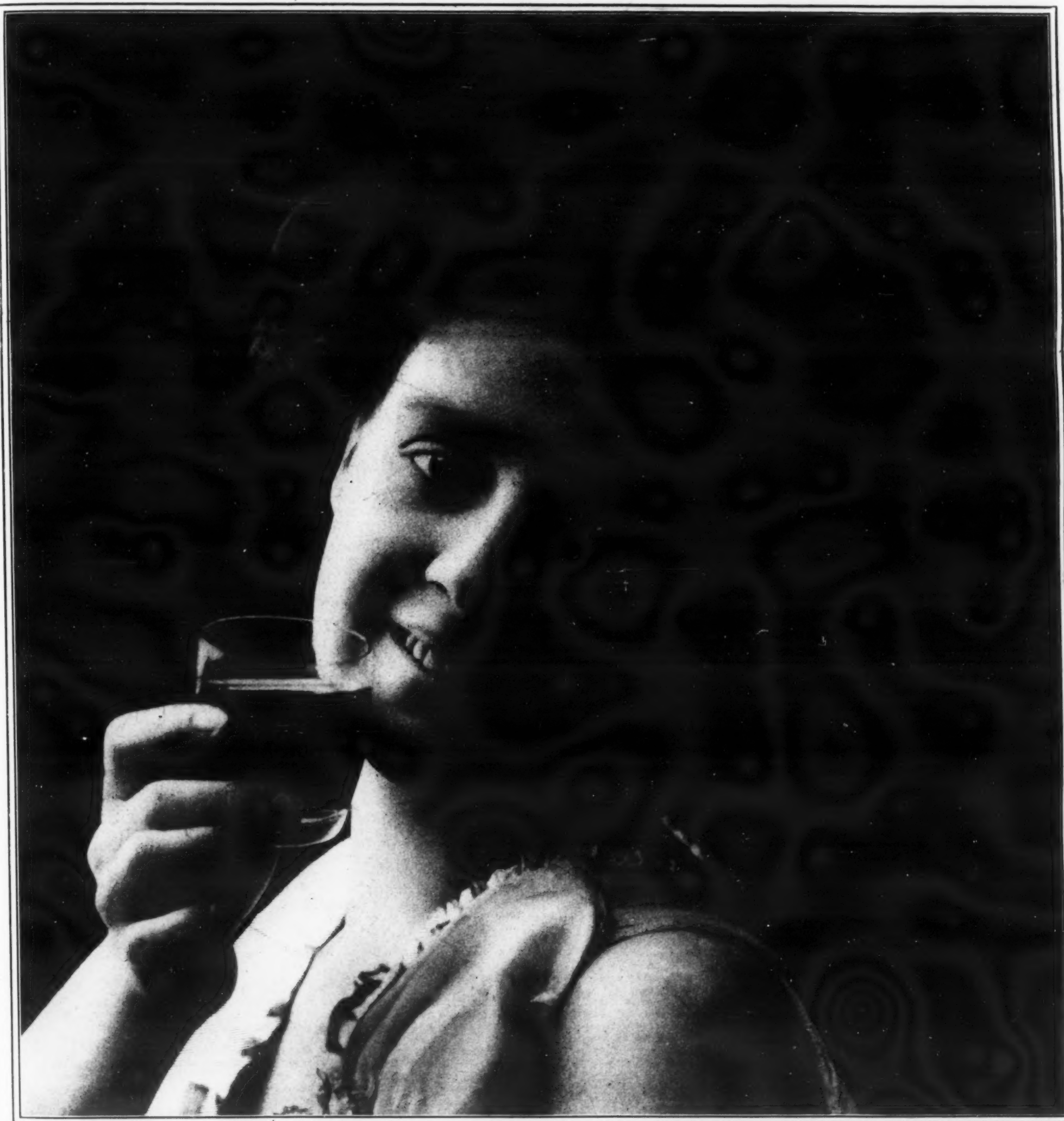


Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU!

CHARMING LOTTA VARCHEREAU'S IDEA OF BLISS ON A HOT AUGUST DAY.



RICHARD K. FOX.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

Saturday, August 30, 1902.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, N. Y.,
as Second-class Mail Matter.

The following Coupon must accompany all
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THE POLICE GAZETTE

For 13 Weeks—\$1.00

VAUDEVILLE GOSSIP.

Eddie Carroll and Agnes Clarke are playing on
M. Boom's circuit of parks.

The Herbert Swift Minstrels will be under the
management of Ed Kelly, of Boston.

H. E. Winchenbaugh, musical performer, an-
nounces that he will hereafter be known as Parker
Hyde.

William Lossberg, pianist, was recently made
a member of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, Aerie 111,
Easton, Pa.

The Bijou Children and their mother, Valeria
B. Bijou, report success with their new act at many of
the seaside hotels.

Frank Winsteln and wife (Ruth Sheppard)
have signed with W. B. Watson's Oriental Burlesquers
for the coming season.

Byron Spaul will take out two shows next sea-
son. Mr. Spaul has engaged Clarence D. Bidwell to
manage one company.

The Kennedy Children, Iris and Helen, will be
featured next season with Kennedy & Gray's produc-
tion of "Coney's Troubles."

The D'Arville Sisters, Jeannette and Irene, are
playing successful engagements through Ohio, and
have Western bookings to follow.

J. Lester Herbert, May Alpine and Master
Arthur Carlton have joined hands. They will be
known as the Crescent Comedy Trio.

Chas. E. Taylor, of the High Rollers Company,
has been appointed general press agent for the "Order
of Gold Fish," the new theatrical social order.

Julian Rose is booked solid for the summer.
Next season he goes with the Ross Fenton Show, and
opens at the Oxford, in London, Aug. 31, 1903.

George Abbott Davison and Inez Mecusker are
playing the Western parks, and meeting with great
success in their operatic travesty, "A Trial Turn."

John J. Sully and Blanche Phelps report suc-
cess in their new act, "The Irish Orator." They are
booked solid for the summer on the Pincus circuit of
parks.

The World's Comedy Four have just closed a
successful tour of the Western parks and are engaged
with Hurlig & Seamon's Company for the coming
season.

Dolly E. Howe has just closed her engagement
at Atlantic City, and is now visiting friends at Long
Branch, where she will remain for the rest of the
summer.

The Llewellyns have separated. George Llew-
ellyn is working alone and has signed with the De Puy
All Star Vaudeville Company, opening Aug. 25, at
South Haven, Mich.

Perry and Alecia are playing the Shea circuit
of parks, and making a very favorable impression with
their new character comedy singing act, entitled "The
Second Hand Book Store."

Lizzie Dow, who was one of the Three Dow
Sisters, but who married Elen, a performer, died in the
English Hospital at Rio Janeiro, of yellow fever.
Maude Caswell is in that city at the present time.

Carroll and Larkin have dissolved partnership,
and Geo. F. Carroll has joined hands with John J.
Sheehan. The new team will be known as Sheehan
and Carroll, and will do an Irish comedy act.

THREE GAY CHORUS LADIES

OVER A CLUSTER OF COCKTAILS

BREAK CHICAGO HEARTS

But They Figured Out That it Wouldn't be Ladylike to
Return the Diamond Rings.

STUCK CHEWING GUM IN WILLIE'S MUSTACHE.

Now a Leading Man of Broadway Mourns a Most Luxuriant Growth of Hair Which
Was Trimmed by Manicure Scissors.

There is gloom in Chicago club circles, large chunks
of it, for at least half a dozen manly hearts are slowly
but surely breaking. The known score in the giddy
game of love at the present time is 3-0 in favor of New
York.

Three of the most fascinating young women of the
stage met at a prominent hotel in this city the other
evening, and decided to break their engagements with
Chicago men.

This does not include sending back the diamonds.

The decision was arrived at after
an argument lasting forty minutes,
during which twenty cocktails of
various breeds were consumed. The
average, you see, is about one every
two minutes, so by that you will
readily understand what kind of a
strain the actorines were under.

After it was all over the big bru-
nette, who isn't as talented in a
theatrical way as she is handsome
and voluptuous, was asked to tell all
about it, and this is what she said:

"We voted unanimously to break
off our engagements with our Chi-
cago flunces. We were marooned in
Chicago for ten weeks and lost our
bearings, I guess, for we pledged our
hearts and hands to Chicago men.
They are good fellows. We haven't
a word to say against them, but we
have been back in New York two
days, and, my word, what a differ-
ence it makes. Chicago and matri-
mony now seem a great way off.

"We voted to send large photos of
ourselves with nice notes of regret to
Chicago. We will also pose for a
large group picture and send that
along, too. We are going to be very
nice about it. I hope that the poor
chaps will take it in the spirit in
which it is meant.

"Of course, we will keep the rings
and other little trifles—valuable and
otherwise—which have been given to
us. I couldn't think of giving
mine back, for I don't want to
destroy my collection; but it's all
off."

"Do you think you will ever be
engaged again?" she was asked.

"Well, I don't know. It depends
upon the size of the diamond. I
have no use for one-carat pickers."

Sporty Willie, who is a broker, and
who is as well known on Broadway
as the cable cars, has lost his must-
ache.

Now Willie's mustache has been a
thing of beauty and a perennial joy
on Broadway for so long a period
that the memory of the oldest boule-
vardier runs not to the contrary. But
at present his face is smooth shaven
and the story of the shaving is
funny.

The gallant broker was talking
with a most charming actress on
Fifth avenue the other day and
chiding her for breaking up the
apartments of her husband in Phila-
delphia. She warmly denied the
story, which, by the way, was a
sheer fabrication, but Willie per-
sisted in the elegant "joshing"
affected by the lights of the financial
district when in converse with the
young women of the stage.

The lady, who was chewing an
entire package of very sticky gum,
finally lost her temper and, giving
the broker a hard look, took the
gum from her mouth and dabbed it
in his face, saying, "That for yours."

The gum mixed with the luxuriant
mustache and Willie, thinking that it was a good joke,
laughed merrily. The laugh lasted until he tried to
separate the mucilaginous mass from his mustache.
It stuck firmly—the lady's dainty mouth had chewed it
to just the proper consistency to give it staying powers.
She tried to pull the gum away, but she, too, failed.
A corner chemist whose advice was sought declared
that nothing short of a pair of scissors would remove
the pepsin compound.

There was nothing for it but to visit the lady's bijou
apartment near by, where with a pair of nail scissors

WANT A DIAMOND MEDAL?

Every one has a chance. Enter the physical cul-
ture contest now by sending in a photograph showing
your muscles. There are other prizes in gold.

she deftly snipped away the manly growth adorning
the sporty one's lip. He rebuked the thoughtless
young woman so feelingly that she felt compelled to
open a bottle of her best wine.

That's all.

Here are the rules which caused a lot of trouble in a
leading New York theatre recently:

"Smoking is positively prohibited on every part of
the stage, above and below, including the dressing-



Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

MARION GRANT.

A Beauty, Looks Haughty, but a Good Actress.

rooms and flies. Smoking will be tolerated only when
and where required by the performances.

"The introduction of liquor behind the scenes is
strictly enjoined, on penalty of dismissal.

"For the first offense of intoxication the offender will
be instantly discharged."

The 242-pound Amazon, who has to have her thighs
made to order, swore the rules were an insult to every
lady in the business.

The soubrette—dainty, of course—who owns two
automobiles, said she didn't know what the taste of
liquor was like, so of course they couldn't apply to her.

The stage manager was appealed to and a request
was made to him to have the notices taken down.

He looked over the delegation that visited him and
then remarked: "Not on your individual and com-

bined lives. I'm tired of having you sports come in
here as if you were doing the sailor's hornpipe, and the
next one that comes through the stage door with a
'skate' on can look for a job driving an ice wagon, see."
They saw and retired in good order.

ANY INTERESTING PICTURES

Whether singly or in groups, celebrities or
otherwise, dramatic or sporting, are solicited
for the POLICE GAZETTE. If they are good
they will be published free of charge.

One of the handsomest of New York's many hand-
some leading ladies has what she calls a kick coming
and all because a matrimonial paper of a little run-
town in Illinois dared to use her photograph as a lure
to lonely bachelors. This is what was printed under
neath the picture:

"Providence, R. I. Number 420.

"I am considered by all who know me very good
looking. I am twenty-five years old and have light
blond hair. My pastor tells me there is not a man in
Rhode Island good enough for me. As I would be
more happy if I wed some one far away from the
wicked city of Providence. I seek a mate. I am al-
ways ready to help and relieve those in distress, and
help my fellow creatures. I have done missionary
work. I am four feet ten inches tall, and weigh 125
pounds, and am admired much by children. I have
studied music and have been on the stage, and will
inherit three thousand dollars when I am thirty
years old. I desire to hear from some young man.
Object, amusement to end in matrimony."

The actress knew nothing of this until she received a
letter from a travelling man, inclosing the copy and
asking if she was the original of the picture. She
answered and said she was, but desired to know where
the picture came from. Then the proposals began to
pour in. They were delivered to the office of a New
York dramatic paper by the hundreds.

She went to her husband with her pitiful tale, and he
in turn went to the family lawyer.

The lawyer wrote to the firm and demanded an
apology or a suit. By the next mail he received an
answer saying they would apologize in four different
languages—and they did.

You see, the lady is married.

Let us start off with a scandal. We will mention no
names, and thus soothe somewhat the serpent sting.

The other morn, in a famed all-night restaurant that
lies on Turnpike Number Six, between the Forty-first
and Forty-second country roads, in this township,
there was a pretty howdy-do.

Dining there at an hour when those who per force
must toll are hearing the first jangling rattle of their
alarm clocks was a merry party.

To them the hour meant that their day, which is
night, was nearly over.

There sat the belle of this Bohemia, a pretty maiden
who has been asked, oh, hundreds of times, if there
were any more at home like her.

In short, one of the "Florodora" sextet of the right
sex. We are not disclosing her identity by telling this,
for there are more "Florodora" sextet maidens in New
York than there are mosquitoes in Jersey.

This one, however, had gained more than passing
notice from the giddy throng.

The man, at the time the story opens, was not
present. He came later, very late in fact. For just as
he appeared the party was on the point of breaking up.

"What are you doing here with these men?" de-
manded the late person.

The company stirred uneasily, thinking perhaps the
interloper was speaking as one having authority.

"Don't pay any attention to him; he's only my hus-
band," said the belle of the party.

Whereat the company, reassured, told the tactless
intruder to get him out and begone.

Instead of withdrawing himself, he drew a gun.

Then did all those present, except the lady, excuse
themselves and leave.

At the request of the proprietor, the lady departed
with her late spouse.

She is at her Fifth avenue home with him now, but
telephones that she will have legal redress, as she is
held in durance by her husband, and both he and the
revolver are still loaded.

An actress who recently ran up a little bill with a
grocery man which amounted to the sum of \$75.05,
didn't defend the suit brought against her, and the
result was a judgment for the amount.

This looked like ready money for the gullible person
who supplied the goods, but an inventory of effects
proved that the lady owned nothing but a decanter
and half-a-dozen wine glasses.

A noticeable item in the groceryman's bill was five
cents for bread and the balance was wine, wine, wine
of several different kinds.

The coy and fascinating member of a well-known
opera company, who is summering at Newport News,
Va., has announced her nuptials to a city official whom
she has known but a very short time.

But that makes no difference; these stage ladies are
so very impulsive and unconventional, you know.

The circumstances of the betrothal are romantic in
the extreme. The lady was on her way to the theatre
one evening when a man, who had annoyed her with
his attentions since the arrival of the company in town,
spoke to her.

She made no reply, but hurried her steps to escape
the masquer. He followed, caught up with her, and
had stretched forth a hand to touch her arm when she
saw the officer standing at a nearby corner.

She screamed to him for help, and the gallant officer,
taking in the situation at a glance, ran to the actress' rescue.

He did not waste words on the fellow, but
knocked him down forthwith and kicked him into the gutter.

At the lady's request her insurer was not ar-
rested, but slunk away, followed by a hooting crowd.

The brass-buttoned hero escorted the actress to the
theatre. He was asked to call, and did so. The en-
gagement announced is the result, and all Newport
News is talking of the couple.

Why Not Make Your Cosmetics?

Fox's "Barber's Book of Recipes" contains full
instruction for the manufacture of all kinds of tonics,
cosmetics, perfumes, etc. Price, 25 cents.

VIOLA THORNDYKE, THE CHARMING "BOY" OF "VANITY FAIR," IS NEXT WEEK'S MAGNIFICENT SUPPLEMENT

LITTLE FIGHTERS WORKING HARD

FOR THE BATTLE WHICH WILL DECIDE THE

FEATHERWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

SPORTING NEWSBOYS OF STRATFORD, CT., CALL ON M'GOVERN AT HIS TRAINING QUARTERS AND WISH HIM LUCK.

A MAMMOTH ARENA IS BEING ERECTED.

THE ROUTINE OF WORK WHICH YOUNG CORBETT IS FOLLOWING IN ORDER TO GET IN SHAPE FOR A HARD CONTEST ON AUGUST 29.

A Connecticut official who bobbed up the other day with a statement that he would like to stop the McGovern-Corbett fight at New London, Conn., on August 29, has made himself the target for a great deal of adverse criticism.

"I am informed that the exhibition is a prize fight," he says, "and the statute books provide punishment for that sort of entertainment. The prize fight law appears in the revised statutes and I doubt if half a dozen lawyers are aware of its existence."

He has proposed all sorts of awful things and he thinks the fair reputation of the Nutmeg State will be sullied by the exhibition which Mr. Crowley, of Hartford, proposes to give.

If the gentleman is looking for a little cheap notoriety he has certainly got it, for he has been interviewed by half a dozen reporters, and a few people outside of the town which he honors by his residence have learned that he is in existence.

In the meantime both boys are hard at work conditioning themselves for the coming battle, which is bound to be a memorable one in the history of American pugilism, and ranks second in public interest to the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons battle.

Terry McGovern, when he heard the news, stopped training just long enough to say: "The fight will positively come off. If we are arrested before the fight we will furnish bail and then go on with the contest. If we are arrested after the bout we do not care. The people have been looking forward to this contest, and we are anxious for it. It is too late now to back down, and the people will not be disappointed."

Sam Harris, Terry's astute manager, who is credited with knowing a thing or two, has this to say on the subject: "I am informed by men who know the Connecticut law that, while there is a provision against prize fighting in Connecticut, there is no law governing glove contests. As the case now stands, it rests with the municipalities as to whether bouts are held. It simply resolves itself into a question of local option, and as the Mayor of New London has issued a permit for the bout, the State officials cannot very well interfere."

Work on the arena is already well under way, and according to the contract a seating capacity of 20,000 will be provided. The exterior dimensions will be 420 by 250 feet. The ring will be encircled by tiers of boxes and behind them will rise twenty tiers of seats, thus accommodating a big crowd.

One of the busiest places in the State is at Captain Bond's farm, at Stratford-on-the-Sound, where Terry and his corps of assistants are keeping things going every minute of the day, and if the Brooklyn boxer is not in his best shape when he faces Young Corbett at New London it won't be his fault or that of his training partners.

"If I lose to Corbett I will have no excuse to offer, for I will train as I never trained before," said McGovern the other day.

The little fighter had just finished a fifteen-minute diversion with the big medicine ball, and was preparing for his three-round exercise with Eddie Cain, the lightweight.

"I am good all over, and feel confident that if the fight was to take place in a week I would regain my lost honors. I will be as fit to fight when I meet Corbett as I was when I beat Frank Erne. And it will take more than one of his punches to keep me off."

"You can bet your life I will fight him differently than I did before. I admit I underestimated him and deserved what I got, but I know I have beaten better men than he is, and, regardless of what others think, I know that I will be better than ever when we meet, barring accidents."

Terry's daily routine consists of a six-mile run in the morning over the fine old country roads that intersperse the rugged granite hills of the Naugatuck valley. Following the rubdown he skips the rope and takes a dip in the Sound. After dinner he rests for an hour and then begins his indoor work.

Punching the bag comes first, and then follow nine fast rounds, three each with his brother Hughey, Eddie Cain and Art Simms. He rows five miles on the river and takes a brisk three-mile walk after supper. He is in bed at 9 o'clock and sleeps nine hours soundly. As he can make the weight easily he will reduce gradually.

Sam Harris, who knows a thing or two about training, is watching Terry very carefully.

"With the single exception of his condition when he

fought Pedlar Palmer, I have never seen McGovern in such good form. He seems to have nearly all of his speed, and is full of life as a fox terrier. He will be as fit as it is possible for an athlete to get, and if he fails to win there will be no excuse on the score of condition."

"His training staff includes Willie Fitzgerald and Ed Cain, of Brooklyn, a strong heavy-hitting boy of the same division. He handles each of them with ease, and when he goes into the ring he will be as good as he ever was in his life."

There are a lot of newsboy sports in Stratford, and the other day twenty-five of them called upon Terry.

McGovern appointed Joe Humphries master of ceremonies, and the newsboys were treated to ice cream and cake and half a dozen of them who aspired to be glove artists were given a few rudimentary instructions by Terry in the art of self-defense. A couple of

little or no ale, and taboo tobacco, for he needs all his nerve to face such a fierce proposition as Terry.

He says he will have no difficulty in making the weight—127 pounds—and considers that he is fit to fight any day from now on.

There have been some big stories about him put in circulation this summer about how he dropped lightweights and middleweights in impromptu bouts, but even if they are true, they will furnish no line on his coming contest with McGovern.

He says he will have no new punches, and that he will rely on the same style of work which turned him out a winner on last Thanksgiving Day.

Johnny Corbett, his manager, talking about the fight, says: "Of course I believe Young Corbett will win again, and decisively. I gave my reasons for believing he would win last Thanksgiving Day, and they were

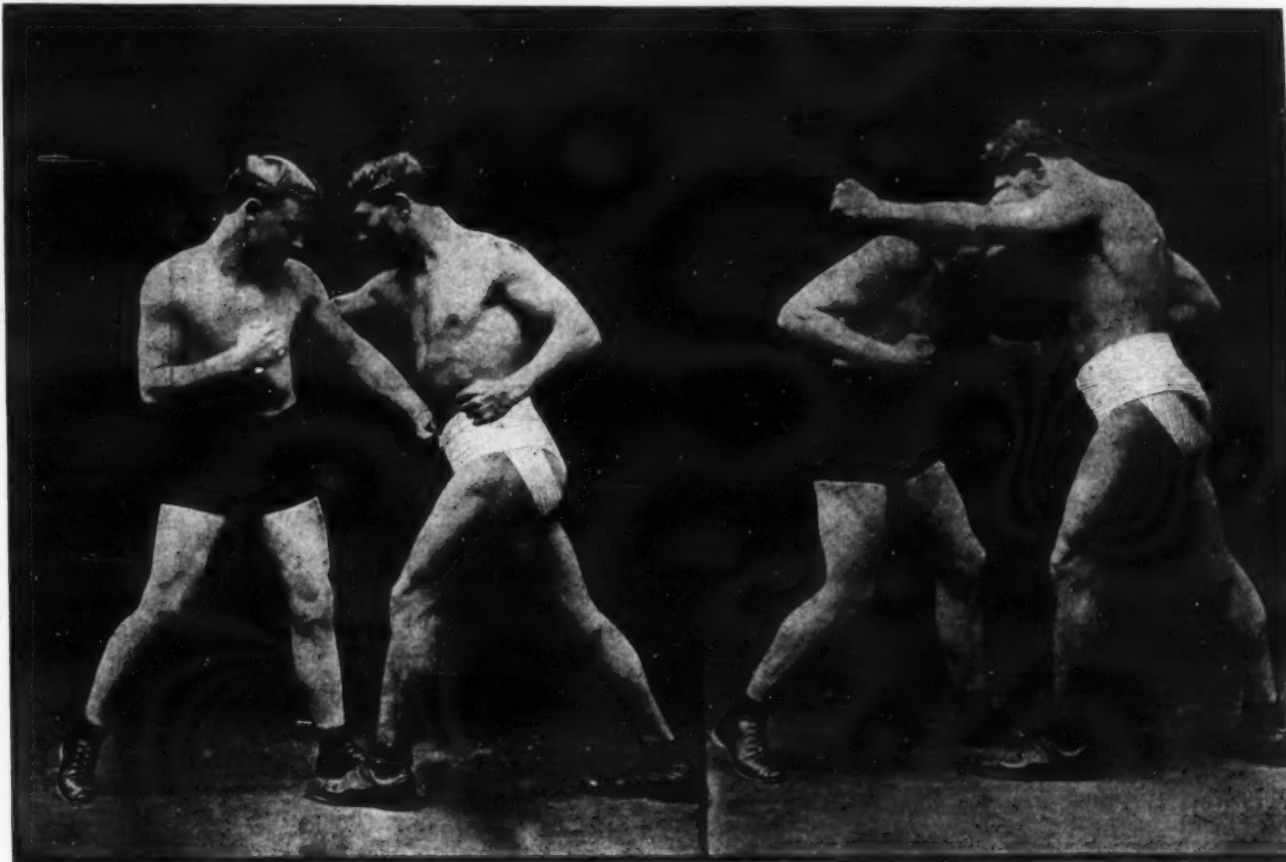


Photo by Hall, New York

YOUNG CORBETT'S BODY BLOWS.

The Denver Lad who is to Meet McGovern Doing a Little Body Work with His Sparring Partner at Hartford.

the boys entered into the spirit of the sport so eagerly that it looked as if there might be a knockout, but Terry prevented this by stopping the bout between the youngsters before they came to the critical point.

Since then there have been many bouts in the highways and byways of the town, and the youngsters are talking of starting a Terry McGovern athletic club.

They have invited Joe Humphries, the silver-tongued tenor announcer, to go to town and tell them how Terry will win, and it is very likely that genial Joe will accept.

The fact that he has to his credit one victory over the hard-hitting little Brooklynite hasn't lulled Young Corbett into a sense of security, by any means, for just now the Denver fighter is doing the hardest work of his life at his stamping ground at a farm house about fourteen miles outside of Hartford. He has Harry Tuthill as his mentor and trainer, and he might go a great distance and not get a better man. Tuthill's reputation and ability are known to every fighter in the country, and Corbett showed considerable wisdom in engaging him.

Corbett is sticking to the orthodox method of getting into shape. In fact, he has adopted in every particular the same routine of exercise that prepared him for his victory over McGovern last year. This consists of a ten-mile run on the road in the morning, followed by a good rubdown. He then rests until the afternoon, when he does general gymnasium work, including the wrist machines and skipping the rope. This is followed by fast boxing for half an hour, during which he spars with his partners alternately as they become tired.

In the matter of diet, he is not fastidious. He sticks to those old standbys, eggs, steaks and chops, and leaves the seductive pastry severely alone. He touches

YOUNG CORBETT, McGOVERN,

As well as many records of pugilistic stars, will be found in the old reliable "Police Gazette Sporting Annual." Price, 10 cents, mailed to your address. POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York City.

sustained. My boy is 20 per cent. better than he was then, and has the advantage of confidence born of victory. McGovern can whip almost any man who will run away, but the boy who can hit and will meet McGovern half way will win. Corbett is that boy. I rather expect to see McGovern a favorite on Aug. 29."

There are a good many others who are thinking the same way, too. It may be interesting to know that Young Corbett has decided to become a permanent resident of New York after his battle. He claims he has been treated unfairly by the press and residents of Denver since he returned there after his victory over McGovern, and as a consequence has decided to make New York his home forever.

"After my battle," he said, "with McGovern I intend to buy a nice piece of property in Connecticut and send for my father and the rest of my family to come and live there. I will make my home in New York, where I have been treated so well by the people."

De Wolf Hopper, Weber and Fields and the male members of their company will go to New London to see the fight. George and John Conidine and Leon Mayer will also go with the party. A special car has been chartered at a cost of \$625 so that they can return to New York immediately after the fight. The weary trip will be enlivened by a choice vaudeville bill and a goodly supply of eatables and drinkables will be carried in an attached freight car.

Inez Rae is so anxious to see the fight that she says she will disguise herself as a boy in order to go with the crowd. It will be strictly a fin de siècle trip, and everybody, including the engine driver, will be expected to blow himself.

The betting has been shifting about in rather a remarkable manner, but there are a whole lot of enthusiastic sports who will play their favorite at any price and any odds.

For instance, when "Honest John" Kelly, who is one of the biggest bettors on fights in this country, was asked who he thought would be the favorite, he said:

"Why, McGovern will be the favorite, of course, at odds of 10 to 9. Terry will have plenty of friends to bet their money on him against Corbett, and their anxiety to get their money covered will result in their giving the above odds. I intend to wager a big pile on Young Corbett."

Of course, in this case it is to Mr. Kelly's interest to proclaim McGovern the favorite as he has a "handle" to put down on Young Corbett.

But no matter how the betting is shifted it seems a good chance for the outsider to take either one and stand a chance at that.

The McGovern headquarters has become a most popular place, and many a pilgrimage—sporting and otherwise—is being made there. In fact, so great are the crowds that flock to Captain Bond's farm to see the little fighter work out that Manager Sam Harris has decided to allow only a limited number of visitors each day admission to the camp.

Terry is by long odds the liveliest and most active member of the party. He is a veritable glutton for work, and the other day, besides his road work, bag punching and rope skipping, he went five rounds with his brother, Hughey, Eddie Cain and Art Simms. Terry is developing a fondness for horseback riding, and each evening after supper he may be seen galloping through the roads of the village on Captain Bond's saddle horse, "Hump Joe."

Those who observed Terry's condition when he was beaten by Young Corbett can easily see that he is a vastly improved man. He is anxious for the day to dawn when he can once more face the Denver lad.

THE BATTLE OF THE YEAR

Will be fought when Terry McGovern and Young Corbett meet. The POLICE GAZETTE will have a great story and new photographs that will interest you.

MISSISSIPPI KNOCKS MILLER OUT.

"Mississippi," the colored boxer, won from Leon Miller, the Connecticut 112-pound colored champion, in the twelfth round of what was to have been a fifteen-round contest, at Bridgeport, Aug. 5. The fight was a very even affair up to the final round. Miller proved the cleverer of the two, but "Mississippi" was the stronger. Miller landed his left repeatedly upon his adversary's jaw, and kept tapping him on the nose with unfailing regularity. "Mississippi" could not be induced to stay away, however, and found his opponent's weakness in his high guard, which permitted an easy route to his storehouse.

BONES SMASHED IN THIS FIGHT.

Bobby Thompson, of Toronto, and Billy Farren, of Philadelphia, fought six rounds at the Broadway Athletic Club, Philadelphia, on August 7. In the last round Farren's arm was broken and two of Thompson's ribs were fractured. Both men, however, continued in the ring until the gong sounded.

They were evenly matched and gave a good exhibition of fast fighting up to the time they were hurt. The injuries happened almost at the same instant. Farren swung a vicious right to Thompson's ribs and the Canadian boxer groaned as his ribs caved in. Farren then rushed to finish his man and started a terrific swing for the jaw. Thompson saw it coming and ducked. Farren's forearm caught the back of the Canuck's head and the snap of the bone was plainly heard by those near the ringside. The bout then had only a few seconds to go and the boxers stayed on their feet until the bell.

"Kid" Beebe and Jack Lansing boxed six rather tame rounds in the semi-windup. The youngsters began at a pace that resembled a tortoise's gait covering ground. There was nothing doing in the first three rounds, but Jack awoke in the fourth and by the clever use of a left jab in the last rounds was entitled to a victory.

"SPIKE" SULLIVAN WORKING.

"Spike" Sullivan, who went abroad to take part in the coronation bouts last June, knocked out W. Boner at Paris, France, recently in seven rounds.

JIM HANDLER FOR ENGLAND.

Jimmy Handler is the latest American pugilist to announce his intention of invading England. Although Handler has not been doing any remarkable work in the ring of late he is a dangerous opponent for any one.

YANGER WILL CHALLENGE.

Benny Yanger, the "Tipton Slasher," has announced his intention of filing a challenge to box the winner of the Young Corbett-McGovern fight. Yanger, who has not been doing any boxing to speak of this summer, has been taking excellent care of himself and is said to be in fine condition.

JIM CORBETT QUILTS TRAINING.

Because Jeffries has announced that he will not fight until next May, Jim Corbett has therefore stopped his training, which he was indulging in for two hours every morning at Woods' gymnasium, New York City. Corbett declares he will continue to take the best of care of himself in the future in case Jeffries changes his mind and agrees to fight him either in November or December.

FITZSIMMONS-JEFFRIES

We still have a few copies left of the Double Supplement—Jeffries and Fitzsimmons in the ring. Order now if you want one. 10c. each, mailed to your address rolled in a tube.

HAVE YOU AN ATHLETIC FRIEND? TELL HIM ABOUT THE POLICE GAZETTE PHYSICAL CULTURE CONTEST

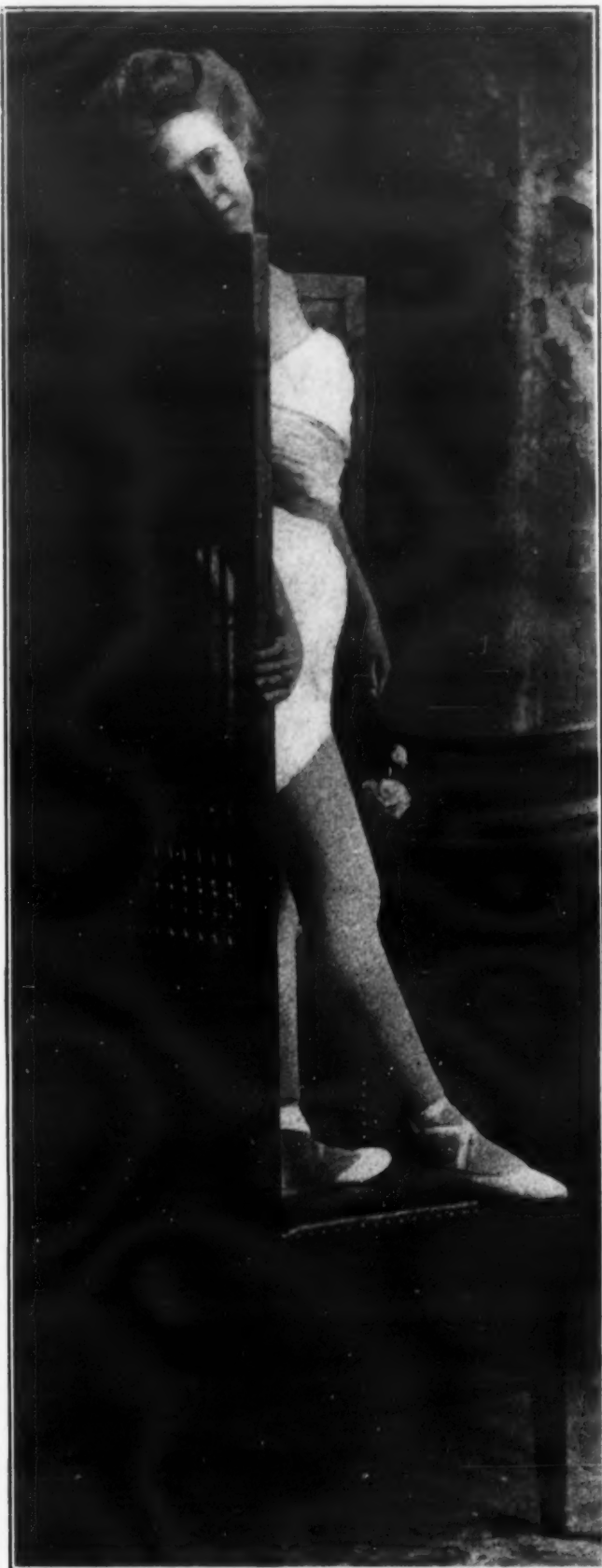


Photo by Kline & Schiering, Boston

PAULINE CHASE.

SHE'S ONE OF THE PRETTIEST AND
DAINTIEST OF CHORUS GIRLS.



Photo by McLean, New York

TRIXIE FRIGANZA.

A BEAUTIFUL LEADING LADY FORMERLY
WITH "THE CHAPERONS."



Photo by McLean, New York

MAE STEBBINS.

CLEVER TOE AND INSTEP DANCER RECENTLY
WITH "THE CHAPERONS."



Photo by Gove, Milwaukee

LAURA ELLIS.

A "CRACKERJACK" GIRL WHO IS IN
THE FRONT ROW.



Photo by Gove, Milwaukee

JOSIE FLYNN.

LEADING LADY, AND A VERY GOOD ONE,
TOO, IN BURLESQUE.



Photo by J. B. Wilson, Chicago

CARRIE SCOTT.

IN HER INIMITABLE ROLE OF THE
TOUGH GIRL.



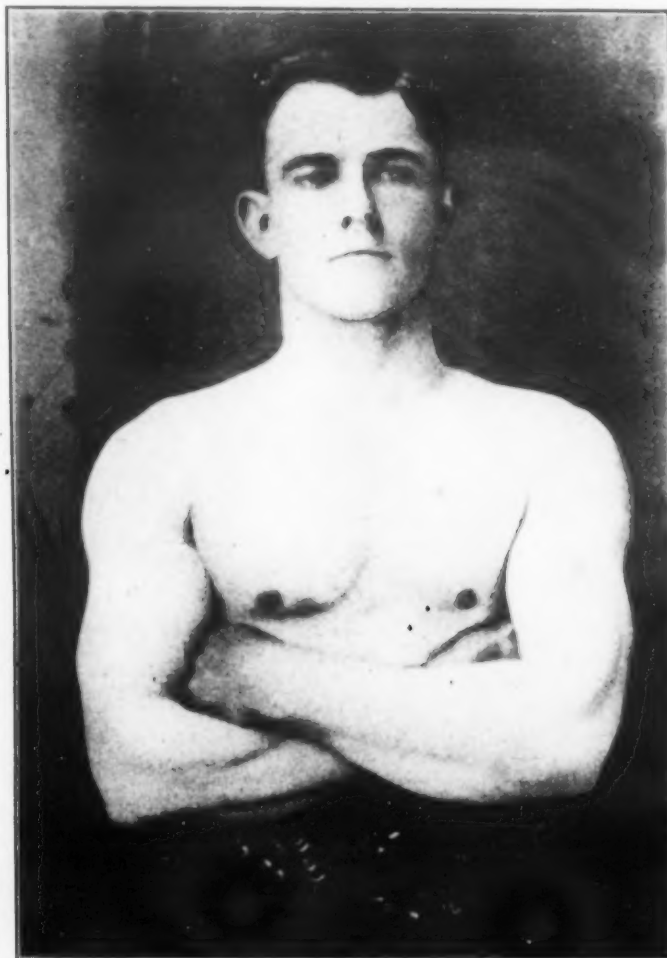
Photo by McLean, New York

EVA TANQUAY.

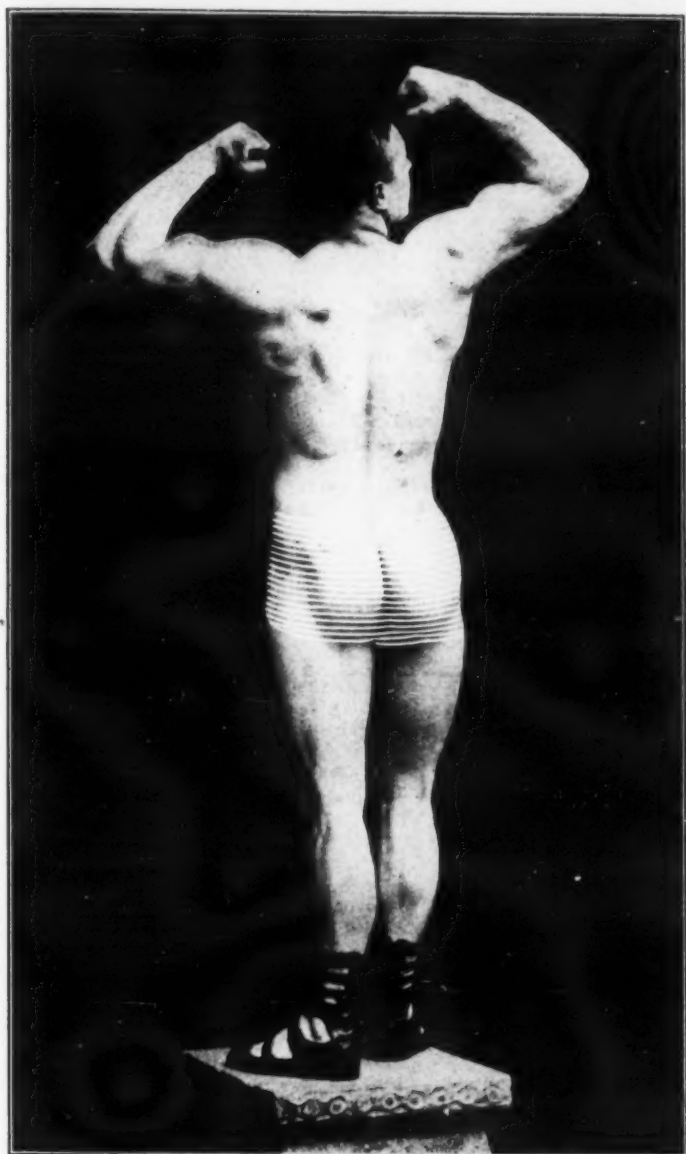
BREEZY WESTERN GIRL WHO HAS MADE A
GREAT HIT WITH THEATREGOERS.



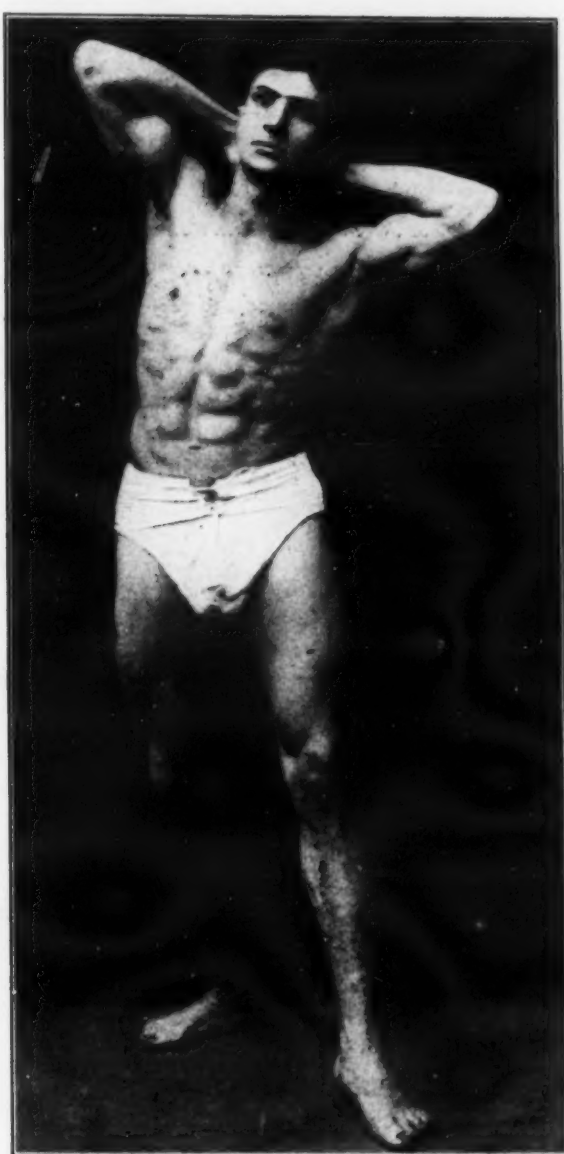
ADOLPH PITZ OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



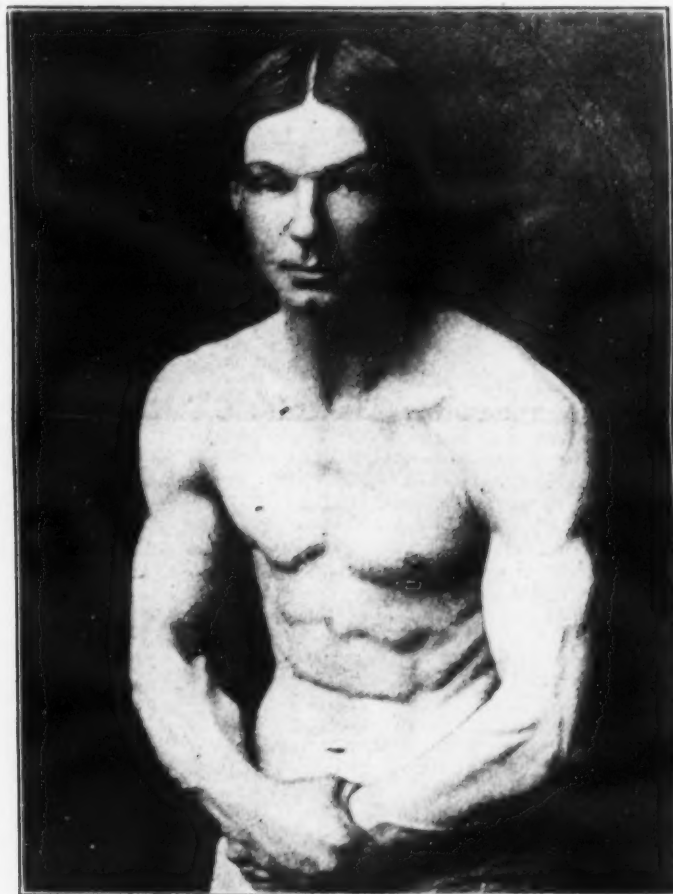
A. JEANAN OF PALESTINE, TEX.



M. F. SCHLOEZER OF NEW YORK.



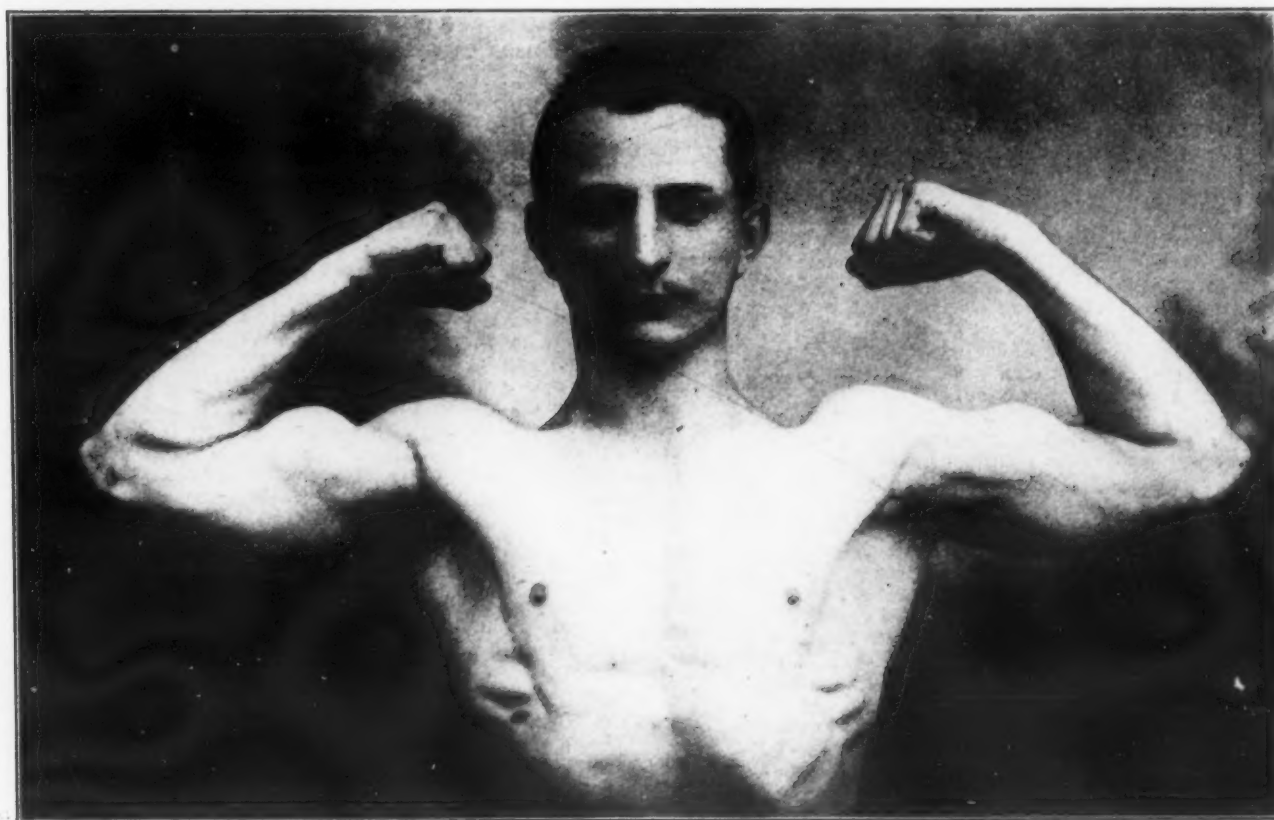
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E. L. BLOOMBERG OF CLEVELAND, O.



GEORGE MEHRERT OF NEWARK, N. J.

HIGH TYPES OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.
THEY ARE ALL ENTERED IN THE POLICE GAZETTE CONTEST FOR THE DIAMOND MEDAL.

FINISH OF A BAD MAN.

RANGERS WERE AFTER HIM AND HE WAS

SHOT WHILE ESCAPING

The Nerry Officer Whose Bullet Sent an Outlaw to His Doom
Has Just Died in Texas.

HOW FOUR MEN GOT \$60,000 IN \$20 GOLD PIECES

John Bass, Train Robber, Who Was Game to the Last and Who Wouldn't Confess
to Anything Before He Passed Away.

The recent death of Captain Richard C. Ware, of Fort Worth, Texas, marks the removal of one of the most noted frontiersmen of the Lone Star State. He spent more than thirty years in west and south-west Texas, and during most of the time he was an officer of the law. He shot and killed the notorious Sam Bass in 1878, but this was only one of many encounters which he had with bad men.

He was generally credited with knowing more desperadoes than any other man in the Southwest, and his knowledge of these men was so good that he could almost invariably tell by whose handwork a train robbery or bank robbery was committed, simply by the surrounding circumstances and incidents. For many years he was a member of the Texas Rangers, and fought Indians and chased Mexican cattle thieves and border criminals day after day and year in and year out. He was United States marshal of the western district of Texas, which includes all of the Rio Grande border, during Cleveland's second administration.

But principally Captain Ware's fame rests upon his killing of Sam Bass, whom he shot at Round Rock, twenty miles north of Austin. Bass operated in nearly every State west of the Mississippi river, during the latter part of the 70s. He robbed trains, held up stages, looted banks, and stopped short of nothing when he thought money was to be obtained. He was such a terror to railway and express companies that rewards aggregating more than \$25,000 were offered for his capture, but only a small part of them was ever paid, several of the railways claiming that they had been withdrawn before Bass was killed.

Bass was the leader of the great robbery of the Union Pacific railroad train at Big Springs, Neb., in September, 1877, in which \$60,000 in cash was secured by the robbers. The money was all in \$20 gold pieces of California mintage, and the robbers had great difficulty in carrying off their heavy loads of gold.

In that robbery Bass was assisted by Joel Collins, Tom Hoatling, Jack Davis, and another man whose name was unknown. The robbers divided up the gold, and separated soon after the robbery. A sheriff's posse got on the trail of Hoatling in Kansas, and killed him. Collins was killed about the same time by another sheriff's posse. Twenty thousand dollars of the gold was recovered from these two men. Soon after the killing of Hoatling and Collins, Davis was shot and killed at Mexico, Mo. He had \$10,000 with him, and this sum was divided among the officers and detectives who were instrumental in running him down.

Bass is said to have received more than \$20,000 as his share of the stolen gold.

After the robbery he made a bee line for his old haunts in Texas. He was joined on the way by another notorious desperado named Nixon, and the two travelled together until Fort Worth was reached. There they separated, Bass going to Denton, Tex., which he called his home, and where he has friends who shielded him from the officers. At Fort Worth and Denton, Bass literally threw his money away in riotous excesses. Though his identity was well known and large rewards were offered for his arrest, no attempt was made to place him in custody.

He remained at Denton a short time and then went to San Antonio with another notorious character named Underwood. A few days after Bass left Denton a Pinkerton detective arrived there and got on the fugitive's trail.

The detective was accompanied to San Antonio by Tom Gerren, deputy sheriff of Denton county. Gerren was a warm personal friend of Bass, and was accused of keeping him informed of the movements of the officers. Whether this was so or not, Bass got out of San Antonio before his arrest could be effected and returned to Denton, where he lived for several months without being molested. He always went armed and well prepared to "shoot his way out" of any attempt that might be made to capture him.

While at Denton, Bass organized a new band of bad men, and they began robbing stages and committing other depredations. On Feb. 22, 1878, they robbed a Texas & Pacific passenger train at Allen station. This was followed by other train hold-ups at Eagle Fort on March 1, and Mesquite, Tex., on April 20.

Information reached the Adjutant General's department of the State in the latter part of June, 1878, that Bass and his gang were in the neighborhood of Austin and were preparing to make an attack on the State treasury, which then contained several hundred thousand dollars in cash. Prompt steps were taken to resist the attack should it be made. A force of rangers were placed on guard at the treasury, and everybody in the capitol, from governor down to porter, was armed with shotguns and pistols to aid in driving off the robbers should they come.

Bass learned of these plans for resistance of his proposed attack, and he decided to rob the bank at Round Rock instead of the State treasury. All this time rangers were scouting through the hills in search of the robbers. Armed guards were placed on all trains, and Company E of the rangers, commanded by Captain Lee Hall, the man who lately had charge of the

Macnebe scouts in the Gilmore rescuing expedition in the Philippines, went to Round Rock. Captain Ware was a member of the company.

The killing of Bass, or, rather, the shooting, for he did not die immediately, occurred on July 19. The heat was terrific, and the members of the ranger company were scattered about the town trying to keep cool. The exact whereabouts of Bass and his gang was not known, although it was certain that they were not far from Round Rock. Shortly after noon three men rode into town. They were Bass, Jackson and Barnes. They were unnoticed by the rangers as they came down the quiet street. They tied their horses in front of the only general store in the place, and all three went in. They were purchasing tobacco, when Deputy

yards of the man under the tree, and dismounted. Said Bass:

"Don't shoot. I surrender. I am the man you boys have hunted so long; I am Sam Bass."

Bass was taken to Round Rock, and died the next day. He insisted up to the hour of his death that he would recover. He talked of his mother and sisters, and said that his downfall was due to "sporting on horses," and that when he lost his first \$300 in that way he resolved to get it back by robbery. When urged to make a confession of his numerous robberies, Bass declined.

"It's against my profession to tell. If a man knows anything, let him die with it in him; it would hurt too many good men if I told all I know," he said.

Bass was twenty-seven years old when he was killed. He was 4 feet 8 inches tall, and weighed about 140 pounds. He organized his first band of robbers in 1874, and they operated along the Rio Grande border. They soon tried their hand at robbing silver bullion trains in Mexico, but found that work too dangerous to continue at it long.

The gang finally disbanded, and Bass spent a year or more following the cattle trails leading to and from Texas and the Black hills, through Kansas and Nebraska. He made a study of the byways of the plains, and in 1876 he felt himself competent to go back to the robbery business, and extend his field of operations to the country north of Texas. He got another gang of bad men together, and they began robbing stages in the Black hills region. They operated not only in that region, but also as far west as Montana, and down in Kansas and New Mexico during 1876 and 1877.

Bass posed as a "gentleman robber." He said, while lying wounded at Round Rock, that he had never killed a man, and expressed regret that he and the two men with him had been compelled to fire upon the officers at that place. But he declared strenuously that no one was killed or wounded by any one of his shots.

WRESTLING.

John Klempert, a clever Russian heavyweight catch-as-catch-can wrestler has arrived in London on his way to this country. Klempert came to England well recommended and showed his skill in a contest



A SUCCESSFUL SPORTSMAN.

F. M. Ringer, a Hotel Man of Slatington, Pa., and What He Got in Pike County.

Sheriff Grimes walked in and saw pistols protruding from their hip pockets. He had no idea who they were, but it was against the law to carry arms, and he decided to arrest them. He stepped up to the men and informed them that they were under arrest. Hardly had he spoken when all three whipped out their pistols. Only one shot was fired, but that went through the head of Grimes and he fell dead in the doorway of the store, pistol in hand.

The shot aroused the rangers and citizens. Maurice Moore, deputy sheriff of Travis county, came running up, and was shot down by the robbers, who were trying to get to their horses. At this moment Captain Ware walked boldly into the street, and, taking aim at Bass, fired. The bullet struck the robber leader in the abdomen. A fusillade of shots were fired at Ware by the robbers, but none of them struck him. Bass, though desperately wounded, darted behind the fences and buildings, accompanied by Jackson and Barnes, all firing as they retreated, and they quickly reached the outskirts of the town, and outdistanced their pursuers. Captain Hall and the other rangers gave chase.

C. L. Nevill, a member of the ranger company, now a resident of San Antonio, with Deputy Sheriffs Tucker and Lane, of Williamson county, captured the wounded desperado. About three miles from Round Rock they discovered a man lying under a tree. Tucker said he must be a man herding mules who had been working on the railroad. The three rode on until they found Bass' trail. Two men they saw in the brush near by told them the man under the tree was wounded, and had been trying to hire a conveyance to take him away. Then the three rode within sixty

yards of the man under the tree, and dismounted. Said Bass:

"Don't shoot. I surrender. I am the man you boys have hunted so long; I am Sam Bass."

SNAKE CHARMER

WITH HIS REPTILES

RAN THE TOWN

First Went on a Drunk and
Forced a Jail Delivery.

MADE POLICE GET OUT.

Terrorized Storekeepers and Had a
Good Time Generally.

The little town of Wynnewood, I. T., has passed through an experience which is indeed unique. For three days the town was in sole possession of a band of fifty snakes and their owner. The town officers were forced to leave the place, the town jail was relieved of its occupants, and the storekeepers and every one else was forced to flee from the wrath of the snake charmer, whose revenge was as sweet as it was unusual. Now he is lounging in the Federal jail at Ardmore, and will perhaps go to prison for one of the most singular disturbances on record.

He arrived in Wynnewood with fifty of the finest trained reptiles that were ever banded together in a fake medicine show. He did a good business for a couple of days, when it was discovered that he was circulating improper literature among the youngsters of Wynnewood. Then the officers without ado raided his tent and destroyed most of his scenery, among which was a fine moving picture machine.

This enraged the snake charmer, and he proceeded to get drunk; likewise he intoxicated some of his fiercest rattlers and boaconstrictors, and turned them loose upon the town. Wynnewood has but one principal street. It was early in the evening when the man began his crusade. He took three of the largest snakes and a following of smaller ones, and began to hunt for the officers. His other snakes he had carefully hidden away in the debris of his tent, knowing that some of the reptiles were sure to be killed in battle, and that he would need others for recruits.

He went at once to the city jail, a small wooden affair. He ordered the turnkey to give up the keys to the inner cells. He refused.

"I will turn Bill and Jim upon you if you don't give me those keys at once," said the charmer of reptiles, at the same time calling out the two reptiles, which wriggled up to him. The jailer saw the turn of affairs and gave in.

The prisoners in the jail were at once turned loose, and they joined in the crusade against the town. There were only three of them, but they soon made things warm for the town officers. The city police force were then hunted up, and the three policemen who comprised its membership were ordered to leave town, but not before they had surrendered the keys of the city storage house to the snake charmer and his three companions in crime. In the store-house were about ten gallons of liquor, which had been taken from the charmer when he first became unruly. The liquor was equally divided, the snakes were released, and given a good swig all around. The carousal lasted all night, during which time the 300 or more inhabitants of Wynnewood were kept in a constant state of terror.

The following day the snake charmer led his little band of snakes around to several of the different stores, and ordered the storekeeper to hand out such things as he and his companions wanted. They dressed themselves in new suits of clothing, with new headgear, and ate and drank until their bodies would hold no more. This lasted for three days, and then they all drank so much raw whiskey that it got the better of them, and they lay down to sleep. The delinquent officers rushed into town and captured them. The charmer and his companions were brought before the town magistrate and tried and sent to the Federal jail at Ardmore to await a trial before the district court. The snakes—those that did not die of their drunken spree—were taken to Ardmore and placed in the cell with their owner.

ODD OR CURIOUS PHOTOS

wanted for the POLICE GAZETTE. If you have any that are interesting send them in at once.

This Week's Illustrations

It doesn't take much to shock some folks. A nice, little girl, who knows a few dance steps, tried them at a party in Richmond, Va., the other evening, and as a result, the prudish portion of the town is talking about her.

One of the belles of Deal, N. J., holds the record on the largest black bass ever caught in Deal Lake. She went in bathing there a few days ago, and just as she was beginning to enjoy herself she felt something grab her toe. She pulled her foot out of the water so quickly that she pulled a monster black bass with it. The fish was flung on the bank, and when she limped home she took it with her.

The funny part of this story is that she has two brothers who have been fishing in the lake all season who haven't caught one fish. The bass, which was weighed by John Seger, the maker of fishing rods, at his store, 703 Cookman avenue, Ashbury Park, tipped the scales at four pounds six ounces.

ARE YOU A SUBSCRIBER?

One dollar pays for thirteen weeks subscription to POLICE GAZETTE, which insures your getting both the paper and the supplement every week.

THE BARTENDER'S CONTEST IS BOOMING. THERE'S A CHANCE FOR ANY MIXOLOGIST TO WIN THE MEDAL

MUSCLES! MUSCLES! MUSCLES!

MEN OF THE FACTORY, THE FARM, THE MINE AND THE STORE ARE INVITED TO THIS CONTEST.

It has been your misfortune not to have read a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE for some time, you are informed that you have missed a great deal.

The details of this contest, for instance, besides many pages of halftone illustrations, showing the highest state of development of the young men of this country.

The incentive to muscular development is a great one, worthy any effort. For instance:

First prize--Large gold championship medal, embellished with a diamond mounting, appropriately designed and manufactured by an Art Jeweller and costing \$100.

Second prize--\$50 in gold pieces.

Third prize--\$25 in gold pieces.

Fourth prize--\$10 in gold pieces.

How can you get one?

Simplest thing in the world, providing you have a good, muscular physique.

Nature, of course, gave you the base to work upon and--

Then, if you were a sensible young man, you devoted a reasonable amount of your leisure time to developing your muscles and physical equipment.

Many men find the mere daily occupations of life sufficient to train and develop them--

Especially those whose labor is strenuous-- Such as machinists, iron forgers, horseshoers, firemen, builders and laborers.

Those who are engaged in sedentary occupations find pleasure as well as profit in going to gymnasiums and physical culture schools.

Physical development is the same in both instances.

And it is both the laborer and the athlete whom we wish to reach.

All you have to do is, have your photograph taken--

Showing your muscles to the best advantage-- Either half length, full length, back view or front view.

You know best!

Then cut out the coupon on page 2.

Fill it in with your name, address and physical measurements, when possible.

Paste it on the back and send it to the Police Gazette.

We do the rest.

If the photograph is sufficiently attractive to justify it we reproduce it in the Police Gazette.

Not all the photographs can be reproduced, we are sorry to say.

Too many of them.

But we pick out the best and yours may be among the number.

Mr. Fox doesn't care who gets the prizes as long as they are awarded to those who deserve them.

You must be between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five.

All professionals are barred.

See what a chance you have!

Send in your photos!

You are not asked to subscribe or send in any money for any reason whatever.

This contest is intended to benefit the young men of America, and the fact that Mr. Fox offers a medal for the best and money prizes for others is quite in line with the whole-souled generosity which has made his life a most memorable one.

If, however, you should want to subscribe, please bear in mind that we shall be glad to send you a premium list which may interest you, in view of the fact that you get almost double value for your money.

Send for the list anyhow, whether you are going to subscribe or not.

A postal card will bring it to you.

If you care for good books on sporting and

other matters we can show you how to get them for nothing, if you ask.

A PHOTOGRAPHER ENTERS.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX: Dear Sir--Enclosed find my photographs, as I desire to enter the physical culture contest. I am a photographer by trade. Please be kind enough to publish in your paper as I have friends all over Baltimore that read your paper. I have been a reader of the POLICE GAZETTE for many years. Wishing you the best of success I remain,

Yours truly, HENRY C. DRECHSLER,
524 N. Caroline St., Baltimore, Md.

CALLAHAN'S EASY MONEY.

Jack Dorman was billed to meet Tim Callahan at the Golden Gate Athletic Club, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 4, in the wind-up, but was unable to do so on account of sickness. The management substituted George Richardson, who did not last longer than half of the first

lim. The fight was without doubt the roughest and most exciting that has ever been decided in the ring of the National. The boys had no sooner shaken hands than Lenny rushed at Erne like a small-sized cyclone. The second round was cut short when Erne's seconds and several spectators jumped into the ring. The third was about even up, and just as things were getting interesting in the fourth Lenny's breach of the rules cut short the bout.

Patsy Hogan, of Chicago, appeared in the semi-windup against Lew Ryall. The bout was a good one, and the milling was so even that there was no difference at the conclusion.

In the three bouts constituting the preliminaries "Kid" Beebe had a shade on "Blink" McCloskey; Todo Moran was too much Tommy Scott, and the referee stopped the bout in the fifth round, while Billy Willis had the best of Joe Jackson.

FELTZ WHIPS DALY.

Tommy Feltz, the hard-hitting little bantamweight fighter of South Brooklyn, was awarded the decision over Andy Daly, the Boston fighter, at the end of a



Photo by Dana, New York.

JOHN BIELUNG.

A Youngsville, N. Y., Athlete, Showing the Result of Prof. Attila's Training.

round against Timothy. A swipe on the jaw put him down for the count, and another as soon as he got on his feet, put him away back and the crowd went home.

The other bouts of the evening, however, were all to the good. Jack Ashton and "Kid" Gilbert went six rounds with honors about even at the finish. Harry King polished off "Dude" Kenney in three rounds. Then Freddie Friedler and Billy Kalb put up one of the hardest bouts ever seen at the club. It was hammer and tongs from beginning to end. Freddie had a shade, but only a light green shade, on Billy, when the final bell sounded.

A FIGHTER STONED.

Clever Miller, a middleweight prizefighter of Memphis, Tenn., was almost stoned to death in that city recently by two men, who waylaid him as he was returning from a picnic. Miller had caused one of the men to be put out of the refreshment booth at the picnic. The fighter's leg was broken and his face and body terribly lacerated.

ROUGH HOUSE FIGHTING.

The boxing tactics that Eddie Lenny, of Chester, displayed in his bout with Young Erne did not suit the spectators who crowded the National A. C., of Philadelphia, on August 4, a little bit, and nearly caused a riot. Lenny fought in the roughest possible manner from the start, but the referee tolerated his style of boxing until the fourth round, when in a clinch he so deliberately fouled Erne by choking him that Referee Jack McGuigan had no other course than to disqualify

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### BOXING IS EASY

"Boxing and How to Train" is an authentic and reliable book on the subject. It is fully illustrated. Price only 25 cents.

twenty-round bout which was decided at the Savannah Athletic Club on Aug. 4. The contest proved to be one of the best between little fellows that has taken place in that city since pugilism was introduced there.

Feltz forced the fighting from start to finish and clearly outpointed Daly. The first time these lads fought Daly was awarded the decision.

### IF YOU WANT TO KNOW

What McGovern and Young Corbett are doing, and how they are training, you want to take the POLICE GAZETTE.

### BOXING IN CHICAGO.

Smith Steele and George Nash fought six fast rounds in the windup of a boxing show held at Forquer Hall on Harrison street and Blue Island avenue, Chicago, recently. Steele had all the best of the argument, but Nash was given the decision, whereupon the crowd broke into the ring and administered a terrific beating to Referee George Franks. The preliminaries resulted as follows: "Kid" Milmine stopped "Kid" Henry in two rounds; Bob Grady knocked out "Kid" O'flin in one round; Ben Wiley won from Young McSorley and Bill Singley fought six rounds to a draw with Frank Martin.

### PUGILISM BOOMING IN ENGLAND.

Al Smith, the veteran stakeholder and sporting man, who went to England as a special guest of the National Sporting Club, London, has returned to this country. Smith, unfortunately, did not witness the events at the fistic carnival of the club, for a few days after his arrival he was taken ill with a cold and confined to his room for a week. However, Smith made up for lost time and had considerable pleasure. He visited Paris

and Ireland and also went to Scotland and Wales. In a talk Smith said: "It was my first trip to the other side in almost twelve years and my friends were glad to see me. England has improved wonderfully in those years. Pugilism is booming across the water just now, but the postponement of the coronation upset all calculations."

### IF YOU HAVE A CHALLENGE

Of any kind send it to this office for publication in the POLICE GAZETTE. You might as well have the advantages of exploiting yourself in the best sporting paper in the world when it costs you nothing.

### PHILADELPHIA JACK AFTER THEM

"Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, the clever middleweight, in order to make sure that he will be the first fighter to get the chance of fighting the winner of the Tommy Ryan-"Kid" Carter battle, which is to be fought in Canada, Sept. 15, has posted a forfeit of \$500 with Jack Hermann, matchmaker of the Industrial A. C., of Port Erie, Canada, to bind the match, O'Brien is willing to fight the winner at 158 pounds, which is the weight at which Ryan and Carter are to fight.

### BEZENAH WANTS A FIGHT.

Gus Bezenah, the crack Cincinnati lightweight, is after a match with Joe Gans. Bezenah and Gans have already met and the former says that the only knock-out he has experienced in his career was administered by Gans. Gene Lutz, Bezenah's manager, states that he is prepared to wager a tidy sum on his man whipping the lightweight champion if the contest is held. Lutz also wants to back Bert Collins, of Latonia, against any 118-pound man in the business for a side bet.

### CHALLENGES.

Eddie Kelly, the popular Buffalo featherweight, would like to box Jimmy Smith, the Canadian champion, at 118 pounds. This would make a rattling contest.

Patsy Corrigan, of San Francisco, wants to box any good middleweight. Corrigan did some excellent work on the Pacific Coast, but has not been able to get many engagements in the East.

Billy Ryan, of Bath Beach, is out with a challenge to meet any one at 110 or 112 pounds in the ring. He will make a good side bet. This is open to Hugh McGovern, Griff Jones, Willie Reid, "Hank" Hazelton, Dave Watson, Young Joe Duffy or Terry Edwards. Address Billy Ryan, care of Mr. Butts, 102 Fourth avenue.

### Our Halftone Photos.

Ed. Barry, of Billings, Mont., is a very clever middleweight, according to the editor of the Gazette of that town.

"Kid" Wash, of 529 Sixth avenue, New York City, boxes at 133 pounds, and he is ready to meet anybody at that weight. There is money behind him.

Ely M. Dawson and Louis K. Howe are a pair of singing, talking and dancing comedians, whose work in the vaudeville has been very favorably commented upon.

William B. Chilton is a leading citizen of Uniontown, Pa., and the owner of Lady Gilmore and Selma Chilton, two handsome prize winning fox terriers.

Tommy West is a soft shoe dancer and he hereby challenges any dancer in the world. He will make a match at any time. His home is in Providence, R. I., and he claims the championship.

Adolph L. Rapp, the assistant manager of the Hoffman House, Derby, Conn., is one of the most expert mixers in the country. He is a sport of the first water and owns some of the best and fastest horses in the country.

Denny Morrissey, who is the proprietor of the Highland House of Norwich, Conn., is also the foreman of the Wauregan Hook and Ladder Company, captain of the uniformed ranks of Knights of Pythias and a member of the Hartford Lodge of Elks.

William Lester, manager of the Belles of New York Company, will back C. C. Winters for \$500 to meet any bag puncher in the world. Winters keeps five bags going at once, which is a remarkable performance. Mr. Lester will post a forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE as soon as there is any possibility of a match being arranged.

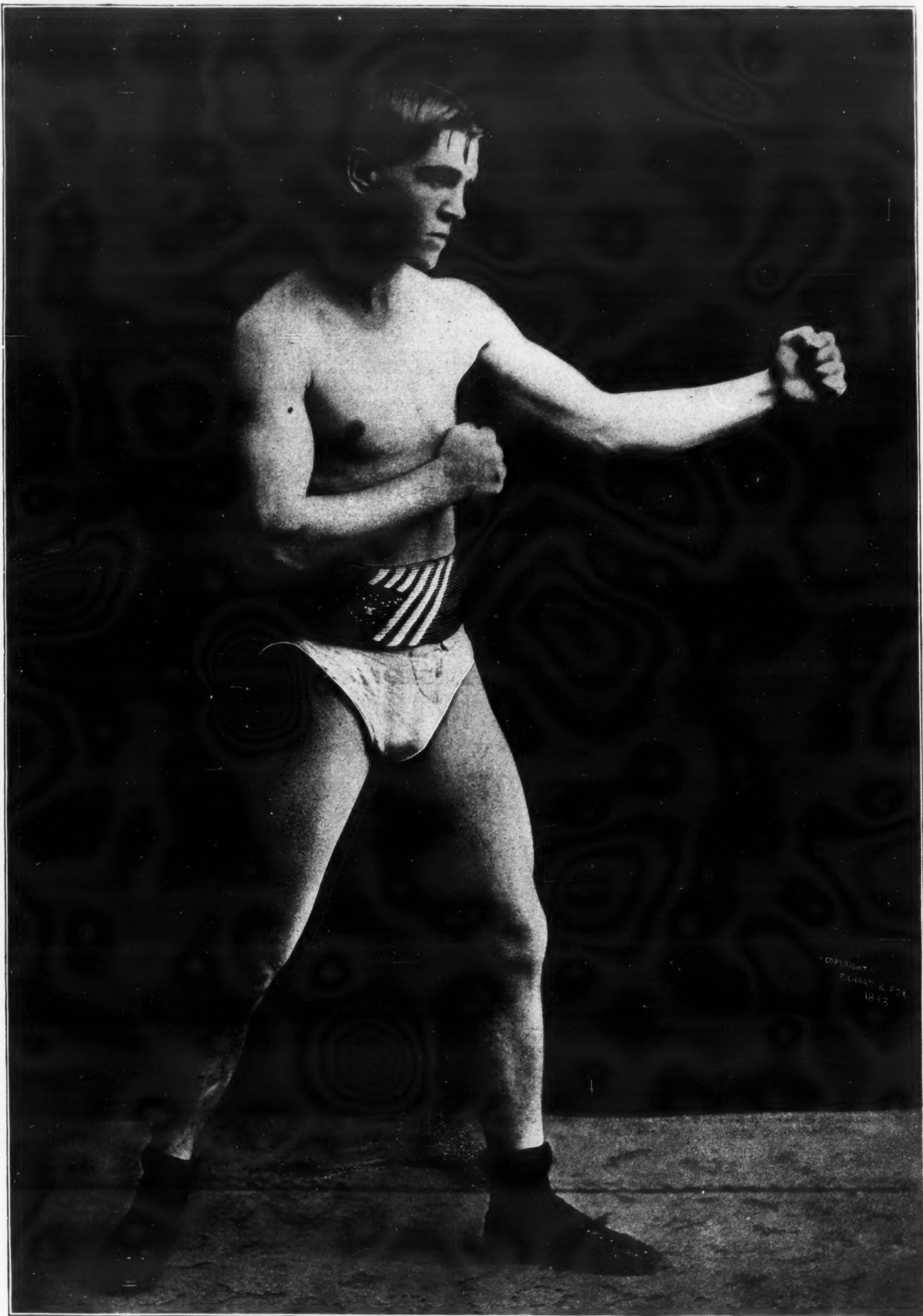
F. M. Ringor, of Slattington, Pa., is shown as he looked on his return from Pike County last fall, where he and J. Zellner succeeded in bagging quite a lot of game besides catching about 500 pounds of pickerel. These two great hunters were gone only ten days, and after their return an elegant venison supper was served at the Mansion House, Slattington, where many well-known citizens and friends ate to their heart's content.

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IN THE RING

Extra Copies of the Great Double Supplement-- Fitz and Jeff in the Ring--Mailed in a Tube direct to you, 10 cents each. POLICE GAZETTE, New York City.

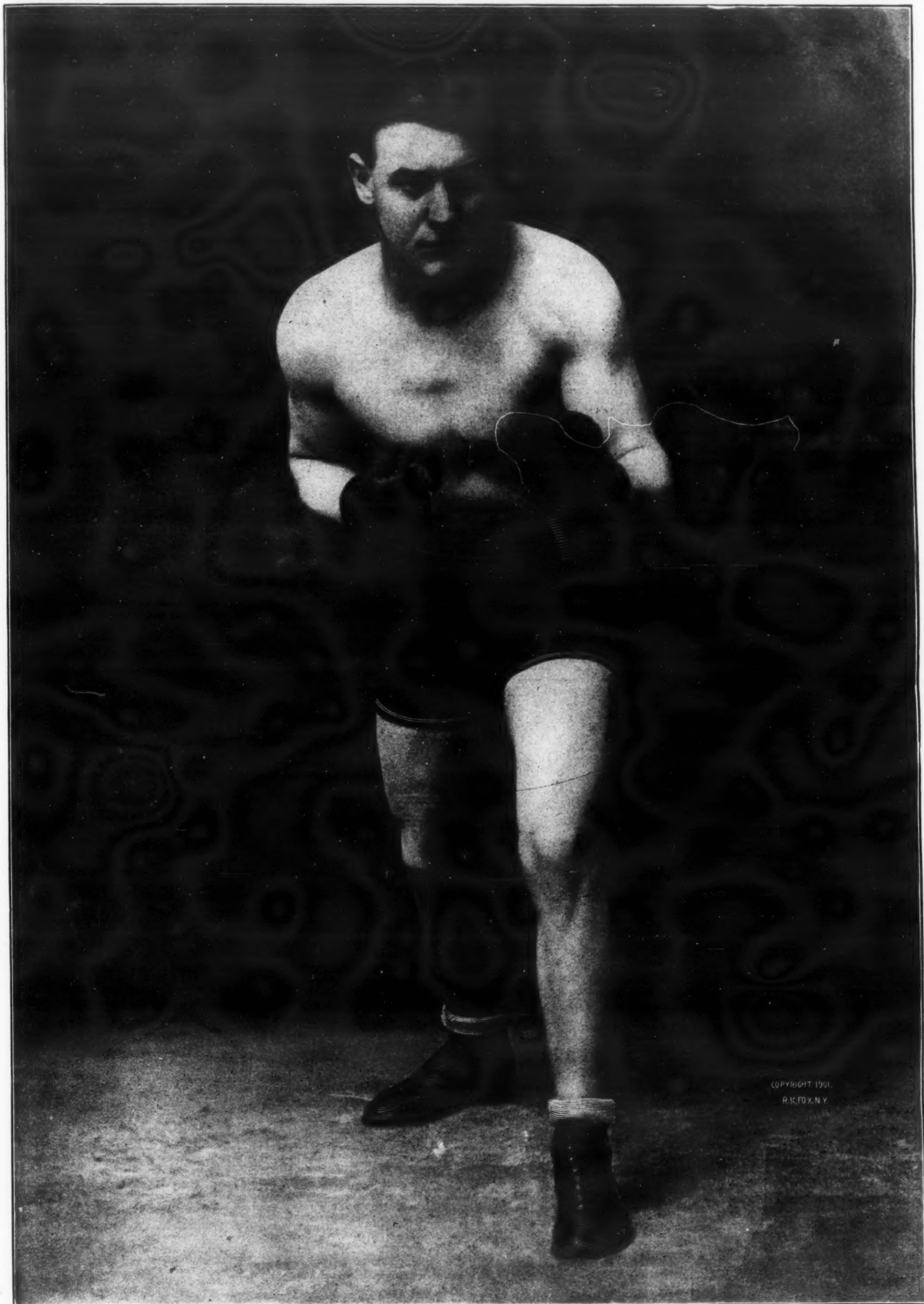
IF YOU BELONG TO A CLUB AND HAVE A GOOD GROUP PHOTOGRAPH SEND IT TO THE POLICE GAZETTE



TERRY M'GOVERN.

THE HARD-HITTING LITTLE BROOKLYN FIGHTER WHO EXPECTS TO BEAT YOUNG CORBETT AT NEW LONDON, CONN., ON AUGUST 29.

THE POLICE GAZETTE WILL HAVE A GREAT STORY OF THIS CHAMPION



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R.K.FOX.N.Y.

YOUNG CORBETT.

THE STURDY WESTERN BOXER WHO IS TRAINING AT HARTFORD, CONN., FOR HIS COMING BATTLE WITH TERRY M'GOVERN.

CHAMPION FIGHT, AS WELL AS SOME NEW PICTURES OF THE LITTLE FELLOWS.

McGOVERN AND YOUNG CORBETT

WILL FIGHT A SHARP, QUICK, DECISIVE

BATTLE AT NEW LONDON, AUG. 29

Both Training Hard Despite Rumors of Interference When They Step Into the Ring to Fight.

BOB FITZSIMMONS MAGNIFICENTLY VINDICATED.

Major McLaughlin Encourages the Former Champion--Tommy Ryan at His Old Tricks--Small Talk in Fighting Circles.

Whether there will be a battle for the 128-pound championship of the world at New London on August 29 between Young Corbett and Terry McGovern seems to be a mooted question. State's Attorney Lucas says there will not. W. L. Crowley, the promoter of the enterprise, is sanguine about his ability to hold the fight. Meanwhile just as if there wasn't a single cloud dimming the horizon of their hopes the two little aspirants for ring honors are hard at work, both confident of victory. The prevailing sentiment is that the Denverite will win, but the McGovern followers are not in the least discouraged, and the Brooklyn boy's friends are willing to bet to a standstill. While the friends of McGovern are ready to admit that Corbett won a decisive victory when they met at Hartford last Thanksgiving they do not believe that Corbett can duplicate the trick, at least not in such short order as he did on the previous occasion.

It is said that McGovern will go in the ring for this battle bigger and stronger than ever before. He has not done any fighting since his victory over Dave Sullivan at Louisville last February, and has been taking life easy all summer. Photographs taken at McGovern's training quarters show Terry to have filled out considerably during his long rest, and in appearance he might be taken for a lightweight.

McGovern is full of confidence and expects to win back the honors he lost at Hartford last fall. He has settled down to a strenuous, systematic grind to condition himself for the coming contest.

"Terry is as fit to fight now, without another day's training, as he ever was in his life," says Terry's manager, "and is in better condition now than when he fought Young Corbett last Thanksgiving Day."

Art Simms says that of all the men he has met Terry has a punch that hurts more than any of them.

McGovern is doing everything possible to make him quick and the manner in which he takes advantage of all openings from whatever position he happens to be in is astonishing. He is paying careful attention to developing a straight left, as he believes in the past he has depended too much upon swinging.

"I'll be fit this time," said Terry, "and my friends need not worry about the result."

Not far from the probable scene of the battle at a place called Unionville, Young Corbett is plugging away at his training unmindful of the attempts that are being made to prevent his bout with McGovern. Corbett is confident that the "go" will be pulled off and is up to his neck in work. He is sure that he will win. He only started work about a month ago at Mount Clemens, while Terry has been working off and on all summer. One thing has not aided him, and that is the diversity of his training, except to get into general condition, for McGovern has been riding bicycles, horses, swimming, playing baseball and doing countless other athletic stunts.

With the fight less than three weeks away, the umpire question had not been completely settled, for there is no certainty that Jim Corbett will accept the position offered to him after Tim Hurst was thrown down. The position may come to Charley White after all, as he is not objectionable as far as is known to either featherweight or their managers.

One reason why Jim Corbett may not officiate in the ring is due to an effort that was made to cheapen the value of his services. The club figured on paying \$250 for an official, and when it was suggested that the former heavyweight champion would be a good drawing card he was booked at the amount named. Tim Hurst agreed to act at this figure.

When Corbett learned of the offer he said he understood that Charley White received \$500 for refereeing the previous battle between McGovern and the champion, and he did not intend to do the work for anything less. Corbett declares he is no cheap man.

Young man in Indiana was whirled around on a carelessly started fly-wheel. The sensation is described as that noticed by a citizen listening to Tom Sharkey passionately declaring his eagerness to fight Jeffries again.

As Lou Houseman says "Never before in the history of the ring was a viler attempt made to blacken the character of a thoroughly honest pugilist, and never was a man more triumphantly vindicated than Fitzsimmons." The "fake" story is gradually being forgotten and the originator of it will hardly again enjoy the public confidence which characterized his career as a sporting writer and critic. Upon him the reaction will fall as it deservedly should. Quite natural. Folks living in this age of hustle and bustle haven't the time to bother with anything not thoroughly substantial, and surely the talk of a "fake" in the recent championship was all supposition, or, more to the point, built on wind. The surprising thing in connection with the whole affair is that the Mayor of San Francisco should allow himself to be drawn into a ridiculous position by what one man stated. Had he carefully weighed up the situation, it would readily have been apparent that behind the yarn was an attempt to secure a lot of advertising, not for the man who sprung the sensation, but for the interests he represented. Not one man in a hundred believes that the fight was anything but on the level.

The fact of the matter is that the ex-champion, by virtue of his long service in the roped arena and bril-

liant list of victories, built himself an everlasting name in the records of listians.

Although Father Time had laid his chilly hand heavily on the veteran's broad shoulders, Fitz pursued the even tenor of his way, and one after another the leaders of the heavyweight division fell before him. He won his place in the van of the pugilistic army by sheer pluck and gameness and maintained it up to the time that he met the vigorous young giant from the Golden Gate.

That the grand battle he put up against overwhelming odds when he met Jeffries for the second time should be branded as a "fake," caused for a day or so

me your plans, your hopes and your ideas, and I know there is not a dishonest thought in your head or a cowardly trick in your brave heart.

"I have written friends in New York, enclosing clippings from the papers, and I have also told them the truth, and my friends, as you know, are men who will spread it. All the news I got the night of the 25th was a telephone message: 'Fitz lost during the eighth round,' yet so sure was I that you fought like Bob Fitzsimmons that I at once sat down and wrote you, complimenting you on the great fight you made and that you had made instead of lost any friends.

"Cheer up, Bob, and believe me that you are all right in the hearts and opinions of all true men. I am your sincere friend,
FRANK McLAUGHLIN."

What has become of Jim Corbett? Haven't heard anything more from him since his challenge to the winner was read from the ring side. Can it be that he has thought it over?

A recapitulation of the recent championship fight—one of the greatest on record—between Jeffries and Fitzsimmons, shows the following interesting facts: "The fight lasted eight rounds. The actual fighting time was twenty-two minutes. The knockout blow was delivered after one minute of fighting in the eighth round. The men had seven minutes' rest from beginning to end.

Fitzsimmons was the first to enter the ring and Jeff the last to leave it. Fitz wore a bath robe entering the ring. Jeff had on all his outer garments, including an overcoat. The fight started at 10:30, Pacific time.

Fitzsimmons landed the first blow, a short right to the face, and Jeff the last one, a right to the jaw, which, coupled with the solar plexus a second previously, did the business.

Jeff's three brothers, Charles, Tom and Jack, witnessed the fight. His father, a preacher, was not present. Fitz's wife did not attend, but heard the returns over the telephone.

After Fitz recovered from the knockout he pulled off the gloves and tossed them into the crowd, saying as he did, "I am done for good." Jeff then walked over and shook hands. Fitz picked up a bottle containing cold

getting Carter to meet him at that weight Ryan realizes that Carter can't be strong, and on that account he will stand a better chance of beating the rugged South Brooklyn fighter than by tackling him at 162 pounds. Carter and Ryan fought before in Chicago, where Ryan was awarded the decision in a six-round bout. Carter, however, floored Ryan twice in the second round with right swings on the jaw. Carter has come on a bit since then and stands a very good chance of beating Ryan if they ever meet again.

It frequently happens that I am asked what constitutes a knockout, and the question has again arisen in connection with the recent Fitzsimmons-Jeffries battle. I have always maintained that a knockout only occurs when the man has been knocked unconscious by a blow. When he has been knocked down but remains conscious during the tolling off of the fateful ten, he is counted out—a technical point only, but one upon which a lot of money has been lost and won. When Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan the latter was not knocked unconscious, he was so far exhausted from a right-hander to the jaw that he could not rise to his feet before the count of ten. When Corbett fought Fitzsimmons at Carson City, and was knocked out by Fitz's celebrated solar-plexus punch, he was not unconscious, although unable to get to his feet. While the referee was counting Corbett struggled to the ropes, but did not have strength enough to pull himself up. Neither of these men were, in the technical meaning of the term, "knocked out." The best authorities, however, agree that the blow which Jeffries dealt Fitzsimmons knocked the latter out.

Unless the unexpected has happened and Joe Goddard has gone over to the silent majority, the toughest man the ring ever knew lies in a Philadelphia hospital with a bullet in his head, the result of mixing in an election argument at Camden, N. J. His very toughness and ability to withstand hard knocks may enable him to "beat" the scythe wielder, but the doctors are not hopeful and declare that it is a long price against his recovery. I don't care how long it is I'd like to take it if gambling upon such a grewsome result were not so distasteful. Goddard was at one time a wealthy contractor in New South Wales, and entered the ring at the beginning out of pure love for the game. He was known to the boxing profession as the "Barrier Champion," a title given to him by his countrymen, the section from which he hailed being known as the barrier country.

Before sailing for America Goddard had established quite a reputation in Australia among the big fellows. He met Joe Choynski in Sydney and won in four rounds. He also fought an eight-round draw with the late Peter Jackson at Melbourne in 1890. Although never considered in the championship class Goddard was a glutton for punishment. He made a good trial horse, and whenever his name appeared on the bills a slugging match was assured. He arrived in America, landing at San Francisco on May 12, 1892. His first fight in this country was at San Francisco, June 30, 1892. Big Joe McAuliffe was his opponent. Goddard won in fifteen rounds.

During his career in America Goddard has been up against all the heavyweights of note, including Fitzsimmons, Sharkey, Maher, Jeffries, Ruhlin, McCoy, Jack McCormick, "Denver Ed" Smith and Peter Jackson. Goddard has fought in all parts of the globe. In 1890 at Johannesburg, South Africa, he beat Ed Smith in four rounds. Others whom he has knocked out are Peter Maher, Joe McAuliffe and Joe Choynski. Goddard fought Jim Jeffries, the present heavyweight champion, at Los Angeles, Cal., on February 28, 1898. Jeff bested him in a four-round bout.

Goddard had peculiar ideas about training, and in many of his most important battles he refused to train more than a couple of days. Recently he had devoted his time to foot racing, and started in one of the big six-day races held at Philadelphia some months ago. He had been living at Phoenixville, Pa., where he formerly conducted a hotel. He is reported to have lost all his money in unlucky mining investments.

SAM AUSTIN.

GOT A GOOD PICTURE?

Send it to the POLICE GAZETTE for publication in half-tone.

PUGILISTIC NOTES.

Jimmy Briggs has agreed to meet Austin Rice at Lewiston the first of next month.

Joe Handler and Herman Miller have been engaged to box in Baltimore in September.

Tim Kearns is after a match with either Martin Duffy, of Chicago, or Tommy Ryan, of Philadelphia.

Since Harry Harris defeated "Pedlar" Palmer so handily, none of the English boxers cares for his game, so he is going to return to America shortly.

"There is a way to knock out Jeffries, but it would require a box full of tools to turn the trick. A sledge hammer would be essential." So says George Dawson.

"Kid" McCoy, who has returned from Europe, remarked as he stepped off the steamship the other day that he would give Jeffries a fight. What queer dreams he has.

Owen Ziegler, of Philadelphia, says that after this year he will quit the ring for good. Ziegler has been boxing steadily for nearly fourteen years and has a record almost a yard long.

Andrew Tokell, the English bantamweight, has sailed for this country to try his skill against any of the 115-pound boys. Johnny Regan, Harry Forbes and Hughey McGovern are the fighters the Englishman has on his list.

"Pedlar" Palmer, the ex-champion bantamweight of England, has made a match with Harry Paul, of London, who thinks that Palmer has gone back so far that he will have no trouble in defeating him. The match is to be decided at London the latter part of this month.

"Dick O'Brien to try his skill again in the ring" is the startling announcement of a contemporary. If contempt for punishment, a willingness to parry all blows into his face and body, and ability to deal discouraging thumps come under the head of pugilistic "skill," then O'Brien is full of skill.

THE COCKER'S GUIDE.

If you want to know how to breed, feed and train game cocks send 25 cents to this office for this book, which is a recognized authority on the subject.



SIG. HART AND HIS BOXERS.

He's a Chicago Manager and the Men are Jim Driscoll and Jack Beauschoffe.

a ripple of excitement among sportsmen at large that was not to be wondered at.

But as time went on and the squawking of the peace disturbers grew fainter and fainter and the evidence to support the charges made against Bob were not forthcoming, followers of the fist game began to smile broadly. The attack on Fitzsimmons recoiled in boom-crang fashion upon his traducers, and the ex-Australian is to-day king of the situation.

That story about the "fake" has been packed away in moth balls.

One of the biggest, bravest, best men I ever knew, Major McLaughlin, of San Francisco, is one of the few men with the courage of their convictions who came out publicly and denounced the accusation of "fake" in connection with Fitzsimmons' defeat as a deliberate, malicious lie. Major McLaughlin was instrumental in giving the Australian the first chance he had to fight in 'Frisco, and he has always remained his warm and steadfast friend and admirer. When the former champion's head was bowed with sorrow, because of the slanderous aspersions that had been made, the following letter from the Major came like a rift of sunshine in a clouded sky to gladden his heart:

"MY DEAR BOB—Don't dignify the Examiner's attacks on you with any further notice. All the world now knows of the gallant fight you made against a handicap of sixty pounds of beef and muscle and many years in age, and, above all, how 'Honest Bob' would scorn to fake. You and I have been intimates from the first day you arrived in California; we have been and are close friends; at all times you have confided in me."

LEARN ABOUT DOGS

"The Dog Pitt," the most reliable work published, contains the "Police Gazette" rules. Price, 25 cents. Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Sq., New York.

tea and drank a mouthful. Seeing Jeff watching him he handed the bottle to the champion with the remark, "Drink to the champion."

Jeff thought he was beaten in the third round, when he got a crack on the nose. Fitz said he never lost confidence until he received that awful solar plexus in the eighth.

The referee, Eddie Graney, received \$500 for officiating. The amount came out of the gross receipts of the house, which amounted to \$31,880. The winner's share was \$13,389.60. The loser's share, \$8,928.40. The estimated attendance, 6,500. Sam Thrall was the stakeholder and treasurer. It took over five hours to count the tickets and straighten out accounts.

Three men challenged the winner, Jim Corbett, Tom Sharkey and "Denver Ed" Martin. When Corbett's name was mentioned there was loud cheering. Sharkey's challenge brought hoots and hisses. Martin's challenge was well received by the colored sports present.

Nobody takes "Kid" McCoy seriously and so when he returned from Europe and issued a challenge to meet Jeffries for the heavyweight championship it didn't even cause a ripple of excitement and was hardly commented upon. McCoy said that he would meet the champion either for a purse or a side bet, and that unless he could get on a fight with the champion he could not be induced to fight anyone else.

If McCoy adheres strictly to these sentiments there will be little danger of his ever being seen in the ring again.

Tommy Ryan first declared that he would fight "Kid" Carter, but the latter's pronounced willingness to do battle has made the champion pull in his horns a little, and he now says that unless Carter consents to do 158 pounds there will not be a fight. This is another one of "Syracuse Tommy's" clever tricks. In

OUR INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

ALWAYS RELIABLE AND AVAILABLE

TO POLICE GAZETTE READERS

We Supply Information About Sports, Pugilism, Cards, Army and Navy Statistics, Also Answers on General Topics.

SEND TO US IF YOU WISH TO KNOW ANYTHING.

When You Are in Doubt Ask Us to Verify Your Opinion Before You Make a Wager--We Settle All Kinds of Bets.

J. S., Etna, Pa.—Don't understand your question. Be more explicit.

D. and S., Providence.—Fitzsimmons says he was born June 6, 1862.

A. W., Lincoln, Neb.—Was Corbett ever champion of the world? He was not.

H. McC., Albuquerque, N. M.—Paper containing answer has been mailed to you.

Reader, Los Angeles, Cal.—B is wrong. A knockout is when a man is unconscious.

H. O. H., Elizabeth, N. J.—See Austin's page last issue of POLICE GAZETTE, No. 1305.

E. A. L., Minneapolis, Minn.—Fitzsimmons himself says he was born June 6, 1862.

H. D., Zylonite, Mass.—Let me know the age of Bob Fitzsimmons? Forty years old.

Reader, Fort Barrancas, Fla.—"Police Gazette" says he was born June 6, 1862.

J. L., Harvey, Ill.—Fitzsimmons and Dempsey, January 4, 1891. LeBlanche and Dempsey, August 27, 1890.

O. S., Huntington, W. Va.—What is the world's champion high dive? There is no authentic record.

I. X. L., Iron River, Wis.—Can I get a book on back and wing dancing? Have no books on the subject.

S. K., Lorain, O.—Let me know the right weight of Fitzsimmons and Dempsey? 150½ and 147½, respectively.

W. W. S., Easton, Pa.—In making a bet on a match, what is 1900; that is, with a coin; is it even or odd? Odd.

G. F., Sioux City, Ia.—Advise me of the date and year Heenan and Sayers fought in England? April 17, 1860.

H. P. K., Crescent City, Ill.—No. 1 bets that Fitzsimmons would stay eight rounds; No. 2 bet he would not. No. 1 loses.

J. J., Chicago.—Jandos bets Koch that the loser of the Fitzsimmons-Jeffries fight will be knocked out. Who wins? Jandos wins.

H. R. F., Dubuque, Ia.—Was Corbett knocked out by Fitz in Carson City? What is a knockout? I. No. 2. When a man is unconscious.

T. J., Bridgeport, Conn.—Inform me the world's record for throwing a baseball? 133 yards, 1 foot, 7½ inches, made by Hatfield in 1872.

I. H. G., Plainfield, N. J.—Did Jim Hall ever win a fight from Fitzsimmons? The records say so. Fitzsimmons says it was a lay down.

J. H. R., Albany, Ore.—Give me the weights of Fitzsimmons and Dempsey when they fought at New Orleans? 150½ and 147½, respectively.

S. R., Pittsfield, Mass.—Inform me the nationality of Tommy Ryan, of Syracuse? An American; born in Redwood, N. Y. He says he is not a Jew.

W. W. G., Lynchburg, Va.—State the heaviest lift ever made by Louis Cyr? Eighteen men, aggregating 4,300 pounds, on a platform with his back.

H. H. W., Washington, D. C.—B bets C that Jeffries did not knock Fitzsimmons out? Best authorities agree that he was unconscious and knocked out.

W. W. S., Jersey City.—W. S. bets D. H. that Jim Jeffries was never knocked down in any of his battles? No record of his ever being knocked down.

F. T. S., Alpena, Mich.—By whom was the late war declared first, the Boers or England? England took the initiative in sending troops to crush a rebellion.

Subscriber, Bodie, Cal.—What is the maximum and minimum weight for middleweight fighters? 144 pounds; give and take two, making the maximum 156.

E. B. and W. McM.—A bets that Fitzsimmons was champion of the world? B bets that he was a disputed champion? Who wins, A or B? I. Yes. 2. No. A wins.

J. L., Ashland, Wis.—A bets that a man who plays ball for money and makes a living at it outside of a league is classed as a professional? He certainly is a professional.

H. W. J., Bisbee, Ariz.—Was there an official record of 9.35 seconds for 100 yard dash before that made by Duffy in May of this year? No. Wefers' time was not accepted.

A. V. V., Gloversville, N. Y.—A bets B that Bob Fitzsimmons is forty-two years old or older; B bets that he is not as old? Fitz himself says he is only forty; ought to know.

H. H. De H., Crescent City, Ill.—A bets B Fitzsimmons would stay eight rounds with Jeffries; B bets he would not; which wins? B wins. He didn't stay eight rounds.

H. R. F., Newark.—State the amount of "Tug" Sullivan's share the time he stood up before John L. Sullivan four three-minute rounds, at Madison Square Garden? About \$12,000.

McL. Bros., Gas City, Ind.—Who fought the most battles, McCoy or Fitzsimmons? Fitzsimmons, and 10 cents for "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," containing complete records.

A and B, Carrollton, Mo.—A bets B that an earned run is one made by the side at bat before chances are offered to retire that side? An earned run is one made when unassisted by errors.

J. S., Wichita, Kan.—A bets B that if the fight goes over ten rounds, Fitzsimmons wins. Only going

eight rounds, who wins? Draw. Neither get action until ten rounds have been fought.

A. W. H., Converse, S. C.—Advise me if a cross between a mastiff and a greyhound will make a Great Dane or something similar? It will not. Hate to imagine what such a cross would result in.

W. T. M., Browning, Mo.—Does Fitzsimmons or Jeffries wear the belt? Jeffries is the champion, but who wears the belt? Jeffries has only fought twice for it according to the articles of agreement.

M. O. A., Fort Caswell, N. C.—Who fought Jeffries for the championship after the first Jeffries-Fitzsimmons contest? In how many rounds did he gain the victory? I. Sharkey. 2. Twenty-five.

J. McD., Middlehope, N. Y.—A claims Fitzsimmons and Corbett fought in a sixteen-foot ring for the championship at Carson City; B claims it was a twenty-four-foot ring? Ring was twenty-four feet.

I. A. O., Manila, P. I.—A bets that Troy, N. Y., was in the National Baseball League; B bets that it never was; which is right? Troy, N. Y., was four years in the National League. Entered it in 1879.

W. M., Amesbury, Mass.—How should I cut a puppy's ears; he is about four months and is a Boston terrier? Foolish to experiment on a valuable dog. Cannot advise you. Cutting off coupons is more in our line.

J. J., Fort Scott, Kan.—Iola and Fort Scott advertised to play two games of ball on July 10, but when arriving on the ground they decided to only play one game for league standing and one five-inning exhibition game; at 1:45, before going to the ground, A bets C

that Fort Scott would win both games played on July 10; Iola wins the exhibition game; did C win the bet? If A did not stipulate that both games must be league games he loses.

T. T., Walden, N. Y.—Was Jake Kilrain ever champion? If so, how long? From whom did he win the title? Did he ever have the belt? Was he

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KID WASH.

Weights 133 Pounds and Wants to Fight.

that Fort Scott would win both games played on July 10; Iola wins the exhibition game; did C win the bet?

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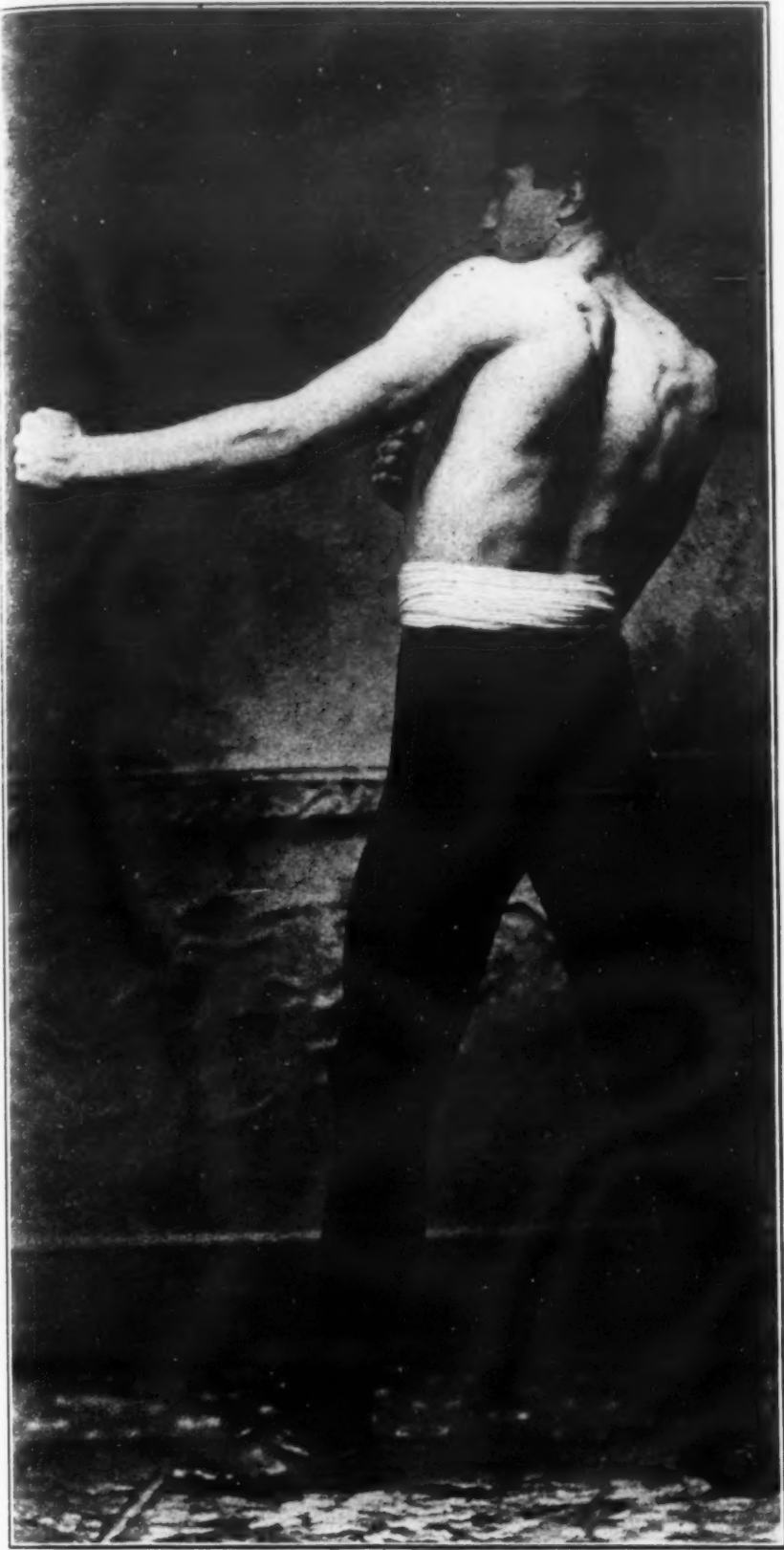
SUCH A SHOCKING DANCE.

A FEW PIROUETTES BY A DANCING GIRL AT RICHMOND, VA., WHICH OFFENDED THE PRUDES.



A NEW WAY TO CATCH 'EM.

THE BIGGEST BASS IN DEAL LAKE, N. J., BITES AT THE DAINY TOE OF A FAIR BATHER.



*Photo by J. B. Wilson Chicago*

FRED RUSSELL.

THE DENVER BOXER WHO RECENTLY HAD A LIVELY BOUT WITH JOE WALCOTT AT CHICAGO.



DENNY MORRISSEY.

A PROMINENT HOTEL MAN OF NORWICH, CONN.



JOSEPH SORGE.

HE IS AN EXPERT SILK FRAME MAKER OF BUFFALO, N. Y.



WM. B. CHILTON.

WITH HIS BLUE-RIBBON TERRIERS, LADY GILMORE AND SELMA CHILTON, ALL LOCATED AT UNIONTOWN, PA.



STURGEON ROD AND GUN CLUB.

SOME OF THE LEADING SPORTING AND BUSINESS MEN OF ELWOOD, IND., ON THEIR ANNUAL OUTING, HEADED BY PRESIDENT GEORGE F. HARTMAN.

## FAMOUS SALOONMEN

William Firmbach, Proprietor of "The Old Reservoir," Albany, N. Y.



William Firmbach is proprietor of "The Old Reservoir" Saloon at 644 Broadway, Albany, N. Y., and is well known in the Capital City. He is an ardent admirer of the POLICE GAZETTE and a lover of sports.

### PERSONALS.

The Arcade Buffet at 478 River street, Milwaukee, Wis., is a cozy place and is patronized by the elite of that city.

When in Slattington, Pa., don't fail to stop at the Mansion House. R. J. Ringer is the popular proprietor and he will use your right.

Joe Berdel runs a first-class place at 2217 Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago, and the popular proprietor is well versed on sports.

One of the best and most popular bartenders on Coney is Tim Goulding, who makes drinks at Bob Brown's Clarendon Hotel on Surf avenue. Tim is an all around good fellow and uses every one right.

### NEW RECIPES RECEIVED.

R. J. Fitzgibbon, Stamford, Conn., Charlotte Punch; Thos. L. Hughes, Syracuse, N. Y., Port Wine Punch; Robert Haris, Gunnison, Col., Gin Fizz; M. E. Porello, Chicago, Craig Fizz; W. M. Moir, Piqua, O., Antler Bell; B. F. Green, Jr., Hudson, Mich., Michigan's Best; John Herbert, Chicago, Panama Fizz, American Beauty and Kitty Wells; Chas. Authen, Cincinnati, Pilgrim's Portoric; Gus Wagner, Hazleton, Pa., The Maiden's Tip; Wm. Jellek, Brooklyn, N. Y., Bill's Famous Prairie Cocktail; Frank J. Collins, Baltimore, Md., Creme-de-Menthe Flush; C. N. Decker, (no address), Morning Glory; Joe Abraham, Montgomery, Ala., Elk Run and Ping Pong Punch.

### THE ANCIENT ONE AGAIN.

"Australian Billy" Murphy, who has been fighting long enough to be retired on a pension, has been heard from again. He fought Johnny Van Heest, another ancient fighter, a finish fight in a grove in Union county, South Dakota, recently, and managed to knock out Van Heest in the fourth round with a right swing on the jaw. Murphy will probably issue a challenge now to fight the winner of the Young Corbett-McGovern fight.

### THEY'RE LOOKING FOR FIGHT.

Two more fighters have already announced their intention of challenging the winner of the Tommy Ryan-"Kid" Carter battle. They are Joe Walcott, the colored cyclone fighter, and Marvin Hart, the promising middleweight fighter of Louisville. Willie Pierce, of Boston, manager of Walcott, says he will back the latter against the winner for as much as \$1,000.

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sumption has at last been discovered by Doctor D. P. Yonkerman, a great Michigan doctor, who has made a life study of this fatal disease. His wonderful remedy has been fully tested and rigidly proven a sure cure by state officials, and noted medical men all over the world testify to its power to kill the dread germ that causes consumption. The doctor makes no secret of the ingredients of his wonderful cure, believing that the people are entitled to such a production of science, and he is sending free treatments all over the world bringing joy of knowledge of certain rescue from this awful, fatal disease. Such eminent scientists as Koch, Luten, Pasteur and all the great medical and germ specialists and chemists have already repeatedly declared that the consumptive germ cannot live a minute in the presence of the ingredients of this wonderful remedy that has already revolutionized the treatment of consumption, and has taken it from the catalogue of deadly fatal diseases and placed it in the curable list. Free trial packages and letters from grateful people—former consumptives rescued from the very jaws of death—are sent free to all who write to the Dr. D. P. Yonkerman, 508 Shakespeare Building, Kalamazoo, Mich. Dr. Yonkerman wants every consumptive sufferer on the face of the earth to have this marvelous and only genuine cure for consumption. Write to-day. It is a sure cure and the free trial package sent you will do you more good than all the medicines, cod-liver oils, stimulants or changes of climate and it will convince you that at last there has been discovered the true cure for consumption. Don't delay—there is not an hour to lose when you have consumption, throat or lung trouble. Send to-day for Free package.

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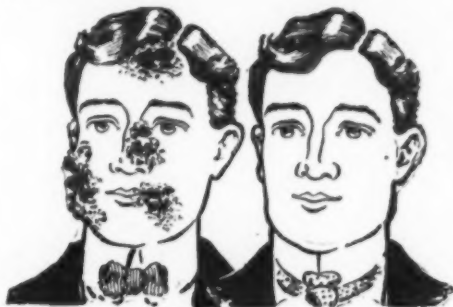
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### RYAN ON THE SHORT-ARM JAB.

Tommy Ryan, who is to fight "Kid" Carter soon. In discussing the fore-arm jab, says:

"There are perhaps 500 fighters in the world to-day, of whom ten are scientific men. These use the short-arm jab. The vital points which a clever boxer tries to reach with this in-fighting jab are the point of the chin, the jugular vein and the pit of the stomach. The short-arm jab or hook to the point of the jaw, at the proper angle, jars the brain and stops the man. The jugular vein blow hinders the flow of blood to the heart to a certain extent and does the work nicely. The stomach short-arm blow is just as effective as either of the others, and is, perhaps, easier to land."

"There are other kinds of short-arm jabs used in boxing, but the three mentioned are the ones most generally used by good boxers. All three of the short-arm jabs are swift and almost unnoticeable by all except the men in the ring, and they are the surest blows scientific fighters use."

Ryan says the short-arm blow is frequently the cause of claims of fake from the audience. "They do not see the blow struck," he said, "and they, therefore, think the man who drops and is counted out is faking. That was the case in my last fight with Mysterious Billy Smith. I finished him with a short-arm jab, which did not look steamy enough from the audience to do the work. They thought Billy was faking and yelled 'Fake!' at us. Smith was out good and proper."

"Boxing has changed wonderfully in the last ten years," continued Ryan. "Nowadays a man fights with his head and feet. In the days of the old London prize ring rules, when Sullivan and his class of men fought, it was brute force that counted. In those days a fifty-round fight was common. Now fights seldom last over fifteen rounds at the most. The scientific short-arm jab finishes them in short order when properly used. Jeffries fights with the close in, short, crouching methods that I use and which were practically unknown ten years ago."

Ryan thinks that modern boxing methods should have one amendment added to make them practically perfect. The additional rule, he thinks, should be one authorizing referees to declare a man out when he is still on his feet, but plainly beaten and sure to lose. Ryan tells a story of a New York newspaper man who once insisted that he be shown exactly how a man is put out with the chin blow. Ryan explained the blow as well as he could, but the newspaper man was not satisfied, and insisted that he be shown.

"I just tapped him lightly on the chin," said Ryan, "and he sank back in his chair and was out for about a minute. When he came to he was the maddest man I ever saw. Jeffries was there, and he laughed until the tears came. The newspaper man wrote a good description of the blow, however."

### HERE'S A WOMAN CHAMPION.

Efforts are under way to induce Madame Appolina, the champion woman wrestler of Europe, to visit this country. Madame Appolina has defeated the women champions of Ireland, England, France, Spain and Scotland. Recently, at the new Palace Theatre, London, Madame Appolina was opposed to F. H. Yeo, a sailor on H. M. S. Cambridge. The sailor put up an excellent match, but was thrown in eleven minutes and eighteen seconds. R. Josephs, who manages Madame Appolina, says that he will match her against any female wrestler in the world for \$1,000 a side.

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and all urinary discharges cured within two days by using "SHURE CURE" (sure cure). One dollar complete. **FRANKEN BROS., 112 Manhattan Street, New York City.** Sole agents U. S. A.

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## MEN

unfit for business or marriage through excesses can be regenerated by my special treatment. It restores power, memory; makes weak men strong. Write for book "Men Only." Dr. Hewlin Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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## LADIES

My monthly regulator never fails. Box FREE. Dr. F. May, Bloomington, Ill.

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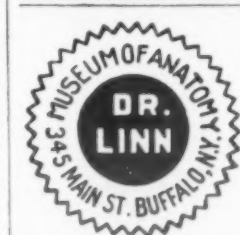
### AGENTS WANTED.

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## \$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work absolutely sure. Write at once. **ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 940 Detroit, Mich.**

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## MEN OF ALL AGES

Nervous Debility, Falling Power, Lame Back, Weak Kidneys and Bladder, Dizziness, Unnatural Drains, Loss of Memory, which result from indiscretion or excesses, should not be neglected. You are invited to consult me free of charge, either by mail or in person.

**DR. LINN** The world's acknowledged specialist in private, nervous and chronic diseases of men. Office adjoining Museum of Anatomy, No. 345 Main St., Cor. North Division St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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## SYPHILIS CURED!

No matter whether it be in the primary, secondary or tertiary stage, no matter if you are at the point of despair and have been told that your case is incurable,

**\$500 CASH**

will be paid for any case of SYPHILIS that **STERLING'S ROYAL REMEDY** will not cure. Send for book which will give you much valuable information.

**The JOHN STERLING ROYAL REMEDY CO.**  
Department B. KANSAS CITY, MO.

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## YOUNG MEN!

For Gonorrhea and Gleet get Pabst's Okay Specific. It is the ONLY medicine which will cure each and every case. NO CASE known it has ever failed to cure, no matter how serious or of how long standing. Results from its use will astonish you. It is absolutely safe, prevents stricture, and can be taken without inconvenience and detention from business. PRICE, \$3.00. For sale by all reliable druggists, or sent prepaid by express, plainly wrapped, on receipt of price, by **PABST CHEMICAL CO., Chicago, Ill.**

Circular mailed on request.

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## CAPITOL SAFE-GUARD

MADE FROM OILVOTO

Will Positively Prevent Contamination of venereal diseases if injected within 24 hours, by destroying the germ. Harmless as water. Put up in plain non-destructible bottles.

\$1.00 BY MAIL POSTPAID. Address Dept. A. **Wabash Oilvoto Farms, Peru, Ind., U.S.A.**

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## WEAK MEN!

Instant Relief. Cure in 15 days. Never returns. I will gladly send to any sufferer in a plain sealed envelope FREE a prescription with full directions for a quick, private cure for Lost Manhood, Night Losses, Nervous Debility, Small Weak Parts, Varicocele, etc. Address **L. F. PAGE, Private Box 704, MARSHALL, MICH.**

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## "ALL WRIGHT FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY."

## CROSSMAN'S SPECIFIC MIXTURE

A Sure Cure for Gonorrhea. \$1.00 A BOTTLE. ALL DRUGGISTS. **WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILL CO., NEW YORK.**

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## ASPEEDY CURE

for Lost Manhood, Weakness, Nervous Debility, Impaired Memory, Results of Errors of Youth, Blood Poison, Diseases of Kidneys, Bladder and other organs. Advice and valuable medical book, sealed, free. Address **DR. GRINDLE, 171 West 12th St., New York City.**

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## LADIES, Dr. LaFranco's Compound

gives positive relief. Powerful combination. Used by 200,000 women. Price, 25 cts. Druggists or mail. Address **LaFRANCO & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.**

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## OPIUM

and Liquor Habit cured without inconvenience or detention from business. Write **THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. T. 3, Lebanon, Ohio.**

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## LAFAYETTE CAPSULES, 50 CENTS.

Sure cure for Gonorrhea, Gleet. Sent sealed by mail 50c. **R. H. LUTHIN, Druggist, 191 Bowery, New York.**

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## BED WETTING CURED.

Box FREE. **ZANUCCI CO., R. 63, 1089-12th St., Milwaukee, Wis.**

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## X-RAY CAPSULE

Cures Discharges, 50c. By mail. **DR. LA FRANCO, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.**

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## OLD MEN

restored to vigor of youth. Capacity guaranteed; free trial. **Dr. Mann, 167 S. Clark St., Chicago. Estab. 1864**

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## LADIES IN TROUBLE

Try our sure remedy. Trial FREE. **Paris Chemical Co., Milwaukee, Wis.**

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**Why Not Make Your Cosmetics?**  
Fox's "Barber's Book of Recipes" contains full instruction for the manufacture of all kinds of tonics, cosmetics, perfumes, etc. Price, 25 cents.



TERRY AND HIS BROTHER POSING FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

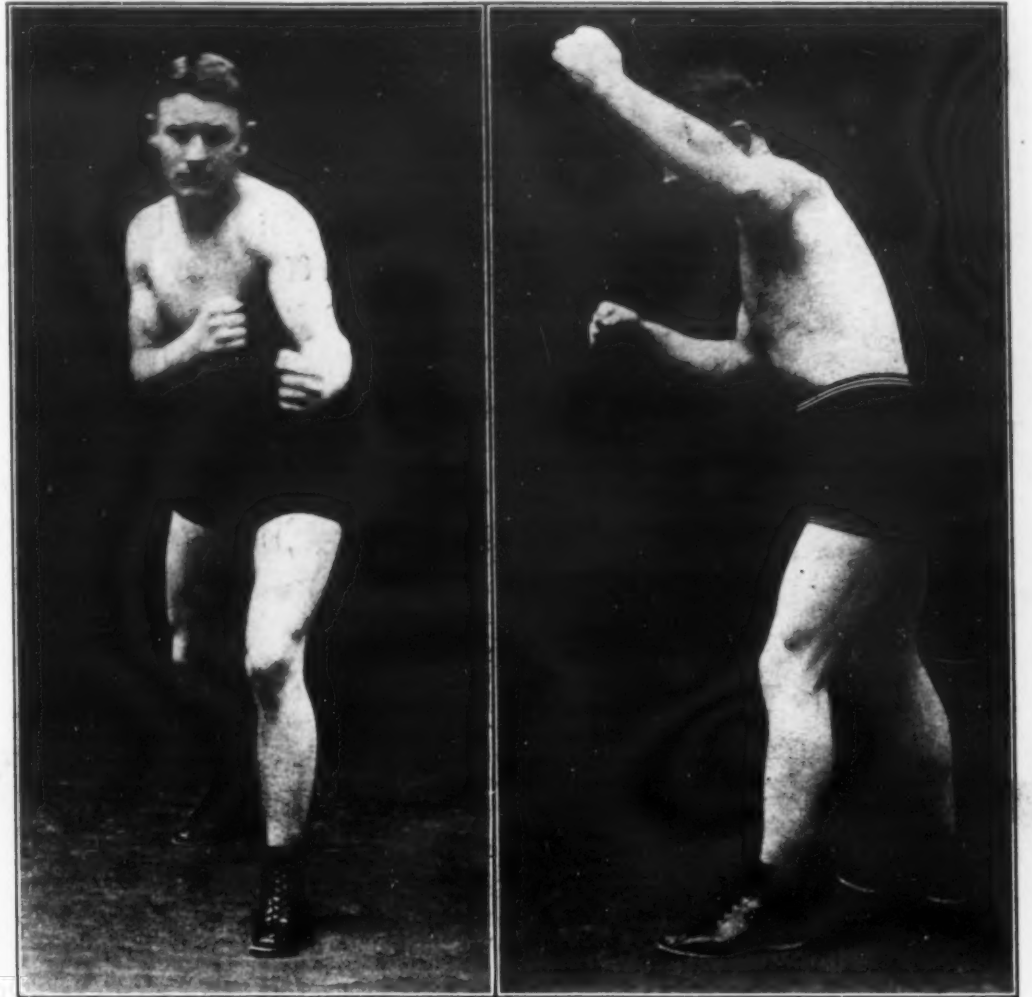
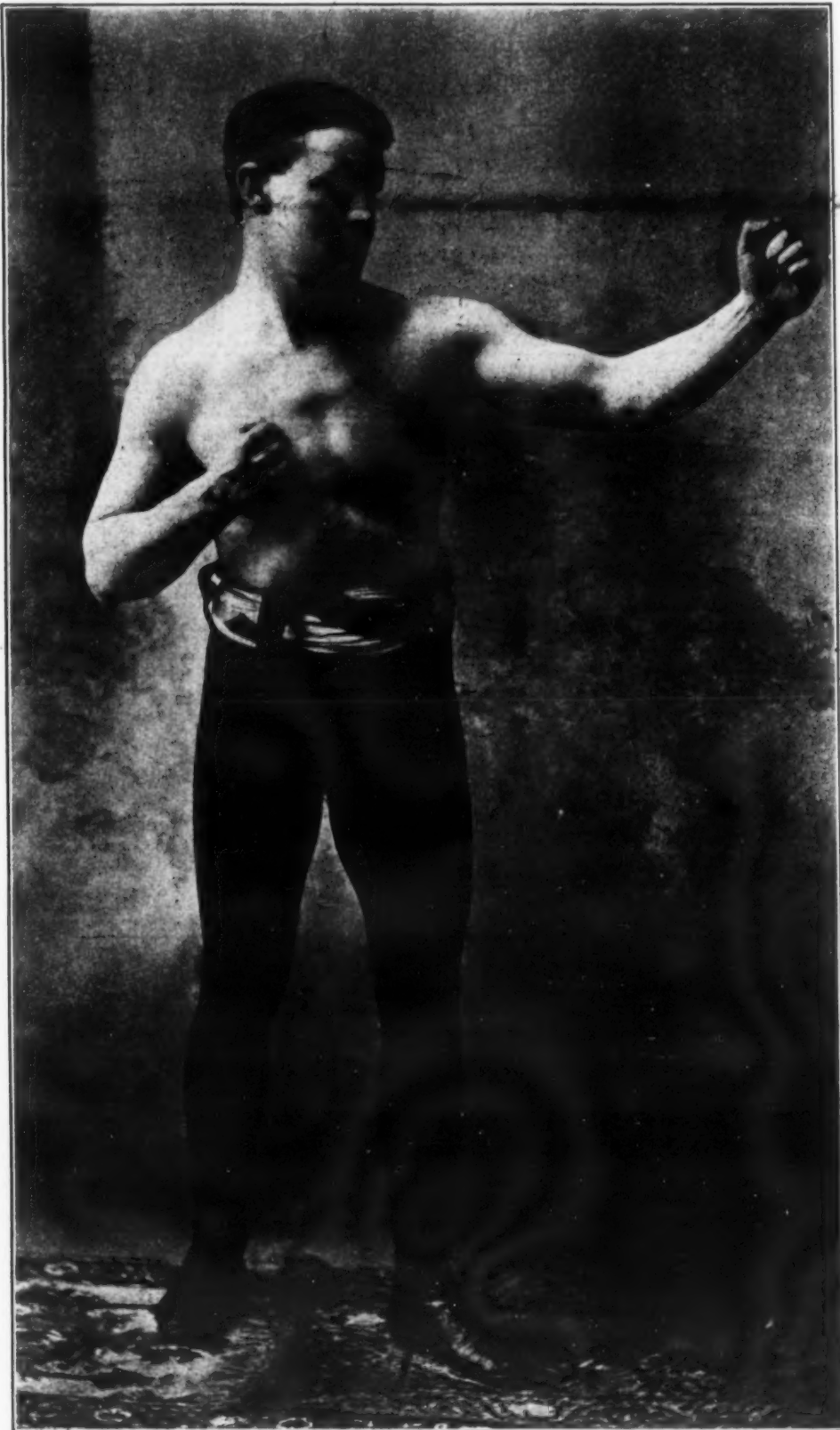


Photo by Hall, New York.

SHOWING HOW YOUNG CORBETT LOOKS WHEN IN ACTION.



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ONE OF THE BEST PICTURES EVER TAKEN OF YOUNG CORBETT.



McGOVERN'S TRAINING QUARTERS AT STRATFORD, CONN.



TERRY AND HUGHEY STARTING OUT FOR THEIR DAILY RUN.

SOME CHARACTERISTIC PICTURES OF THE TWO BEST FEATHERWEIGHTS IN THE  
WORLD WHO WILL MEET ON AUGUST 29.



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GOLD HEELS, BY THE BARD-HEEL AND TOE.

The Famous Horse which Won the Suburban Handicap at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y., in the Record Time of 1:02 1/2.